

Volume XXII

OCTOBER

Number 4

The
South Atlantic Quarterly

Forest Conditions in the Southern States and
Recommended Forest Policy

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The enormous decrease in the lumber-cut of most of the southeastern states during the past decade, the great increase in the local price of lumber, news print paper and other forest products, and the increasing requirements for timber are matters of much concern. The lumber output of Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama during the past year was only about one-half of the output during the years of maximum production; while the indications are that the output of these states has not yet reached its lowest point, since many large saw mills are due to complete their operations within a few years. The lumber output of the other southern states likewise shows large decline. The lumber produced by these states is largely pine. The output of hardwood lumber has declined, however, as well as that of pine. The situation respecting lumber used by the furniture industry is most significant. Three decades ago the furniture mills of the southern Appalachian states secured their supply locally; even as late as ten years ago the supply came largely from the Appalachian mountains; today the lower Mississippi valley is the chief source of supply.

This decline in the output of lumber is due to the failure to maintain the productivity of forest lands. As the virgin forests, the unstinted gift of nature, have been cut over or destroyed by fire no measures have been taken to secure, over extensive areas, the replacement of these forests, or to develop young

stands, which are the results of natural restocking, so as to obtain accelerated growth, and most inadequate measures have been taken, and these only in certain states, to protect young stands from fire and thus to prevent understocking of stands and degrading of timber. There are small areas of waste forest land in the Virginias, in Tennessee, in Kentucky, and in Arkansas; there are considerable areas of such lands in the Carolinas, in Texas, and in Louisiana; there are extensive areas of waste lands in the other Gulf states. In Georgia the area of unproductive forest land, located chiefly in the eastern one-third of the state, amounts to more than 3,000,000 acres. Absentee ownership, desire for immediate profits, operations conducted largely for the supply of distant markets, and the failure of state and local communities to take cognizance of reduced productivity as an economic loss, have all contributed to produce these conditions.

Take North Carolina as an example. The present forest area exceeds 10 million acres. The present cut of lumber is only 1,300,000,000 board feet, but there is an ample area to produce continually an annual output in excess of two billion feet a year. This output is based on an annual yield of only 200 board feet an acre. Large areas are capable of producing in excess of 800 board feet per acre a year if proper methods of management are applied. The conditions recited for North Carolina are largely similar to those in the other southeastern states. West Coast timber is already being used in the South Atlantic States. The amount of such timber employed will increase yearly so long as there is timber available on the West Coast to supply the needs of the southeastern states. This will probably be for only a few decades. It should be understood, however, that timber can be operated and marketed as lumber in the southeastern states at a cost of not to exceed \$20 per thousand board feet (the unit of measurement). Western timber is now selling in the southern states for approximately \$40 per thousand board feet. Thus there is paid out for freight and other charges about \$20 per thousand board feet for such timber in excess of the cost of producing it locally, the excess being a margin of profit which would be retained in the local community if the timber were produced at home.

Timber in excess of the needs for structural purposes can be employed: (1) For maintaining all existing furniture and other wood using industries, (2) for extending the paper industry, at present largely centered in New England and represented by only a few plants in the southern states, (3) for the development of the wood chemical industry now largely confined to the northern states, (4) for maintaining the tanning industry from which might follow the development of industries utilizing leather.

Of scarcely less importance in certain portions of the Piedmont and mountainous sections is the protection of forests to stream flow. The development of long distance transmission of electricity for power purposes has made available for use hitherto inaccessible water power sites, and by combining the power generated by small units into systems transmitted over a single line, many small power sites have a value for industrial power purposes. The value of sites for hydro-electric uses depends largely upon an equable stream flowage. On account of the naturally erratic flow of most of the southern Appalachian streams, high floods being followed by periods of low water, the storage of storm water is being employed most advantageously for stabilizing the run off and thus securing a more uniform generation of power. Storage of storm water is most profitable in the southeastern mountains, however, when the basin of the impounding stream is so protected by forest cover as to prevent erosion of soil and thus insure permanance in the storage capacity of the reservoir as well as future value for the investments dependant upon it. This feature is entirely a matter of government policy, state as well as federal, in setting aside certain lands as having a paramount protective function, restricting their cultivation and taking such additional precautions as are necessary to prevent erosion of soil.

It is extremely desirable for the future economic welfare of these states to secure and maintain the maximum productivity of the enormous area of their forest lands. Certain portions of these lands, it is true, will undoubtedly be employed eventually for farming purposes. At the present time, however, there is a constant shrinkage in the rural population of many portions

of these states and this is accompanied by a decrease in the area of cultivated lands. There is a further decrease in the area of cultivated lands due to the employment of more intensive methods of farming. Of the 1307 counties in these 15 states, 564 or 38 per cent lost population during the census decade ending 1920, and during the past three years this reduction in agricultural population has been accelerated. It is a normal shifting of population from the agricultural and forest counties to the industrial centers and will continue until parity of wage or income is secured. With it comes the problem of utilizing advantageously the lands which cannot now be tilled. Some of these lands are primarily suited for farming but they can well be employed for timber production until agricultural conditions justify their use for farming purposes.

While the Federal Government has a great interest in the future use of the forest lands of the southeastern states, the welfare of the states, of the local communities, and of the owners of such lands is paramount. The policy of the Federal Government has been developed along the following lines. Under the Act of March 1, 1911 the National Forest Reservation Committee authorizes the acquisition of lands for National Forests, but purchases are limited to lands situated on the watersheds of navigable streams which are of such a character that the maintenance of a forest cover thereon will promote the navigability of the streams on which the lands are situated. This limitation practically restricts acquisitions to the rougher or mountainous portions of these states. Since there are a number of other eastern states within which the Federal ownership of forest lands seems as desirable as in the southeast, purchases which under past appropriations have averaged about one million dollars a year for the past thirteen years are necessarily slow. In addition to establishing National Forests, one of the most important functions of which should be to serve as demonstrational areas for nearby private owners, the Federal Government is also advising private owners of large tracts respecting methods of management. It is believed that this may eventually lead to the establishment of several National Forests in the southern pine belt, primarily for demonstrational purposes. Under a coöperative arrangement there is

also allotted to such states as have systems for protecting forest lands from fire, funds for the extension of such protective work. The Federal Government likewise maintains forest experiment stations at Asheville, North Carolina, and New Orleans. With the exception of Maryland and probably Louisiana the measures which are being employed by the southeastern states do not adequately support the activities of the Federal Government, and the work even in Maryland and Louisiana can be regarded only as a good beginning. None of these states have extensive holdings of public lands. The forest lands are practically all in private ownership. It is believed that effective state policies to meet the urgency of the present situation should provide four features:

1. Adequate protection from fire in those regions where fire is a serious menace. Several states, among them South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, Mississippi and Florida now have no public organization for protecting privately owned lands. Other states are covered in whole or in part by state protective systems. Only in Louisiana are the funds for such work raised by a tax on forest industries. In that state revenue is secured from a so-called severance tax, a tax levied on all timber which is felled. Measures designed to place a similar tax in Mississippi and Texas have been defeated.

Protection must be afforded and, if possible, should be secured in coöperation with land owners. Without adequate protection, especially for cut-over lands, all methods of management on private lands are futile. With protection secured there will be as a rule some replacement and the land will produce some timber, even though production may not be to the natural capacity of the soil. Such protective systems, however, are effective only when supported by the local communities. The failure of a state-wide system in Kentucky was largely due to the lack of local support. For this reason it is preferable that the laws establishing protective systems be so flexible as to permit them to be initiated locally; their extension will naturally follow public demand.

2. Taxation. There is much difference of opinion regarding the taxation of stands of old timber. In Louisiana and Miss-

issippi such forest lands are separated into groups having different values due to different density of stand and are taxed accordingly. This tax in Louisiana is in addition to the severance tax. While this method of taxation obtains in Louisiana, this state permits lands to be registered by their owners as "Forests." The surface or soil of such a forest is taxed each year. No tax is levied against the timber, however, until it is cut, at which time the accumulated timber taxes must be paid from the proceeds of the sale of timber. This provision of postponing the collection of taxes against the timber until its sale is designed to promote the holding of lands in young timber by owners. In Louisiana this provision is operating advantageously. A number of large owners have registered their lands as "Forests." A provision of this kind should also apply to lands which are planted to forest trees and would seem to be the most desirable change which could be made in the method of taxing growing and immature timber.

3. Demonstrational work. There are several phases of demonstrational work which can be taken up most advantageously by the states and local communities. At the present time there is some question as to how far these southeastern states are justified in going on acquiring lands primarily as a source of future timber supply. This might very well be done, however, in cases where lands can be purchased advantageously. There is also the possibility of legislation permitting the state or local communities to take over, with the assent of the owner, cut over lands to which the owner is unable to give adequate management, for the purpose of managing such lands for the owner until the timber is mature, the cost of such management being levied against the timber when it is sold, and the balance of the proceeds being returned to the owner. Public ownership of small units in different counties in the forested sections, primarily for the purpose of demonstrating methods of management, is most desirable. It is difficult to properly explain in writing many methods of management which are easily demonstrated in actual practice. For this reason tracts selected for demonstrational purposes should have sufficient area to permit their management as economic industrial units, and an exact

account should be kept of all costs for the benefit of those who would inspect the methods which are used with a view to applying them to their own property. Silvicultural practices, such as methods of thinning, cutting to secure replacement or to improve the quality of timber, planting, etc., and forest engineering methods should be shown. The results secured in such demonstrational forests might well be supplemented by the data of state experiment stations, by local growth and yield tables, by the study of diseases, etc.

4. Educational work. Notwithstanding the high value which must be placed upon field demonstrational work, such work cannot replace work at or in connection with educational institutions, but must be considered merely as complementary to such work. Institutional work should be conducted along three lines: (a) Courses of training in forest engineering, lumbering, and general forest practice leading to a collegiate degree. Graduates of such schools would be employed in the management of large private properties, saw milling, or other wood using operations and in instruction work. There should be at least one institution offering instruction the equivalent of that of the best institutions in the North or West and adequately supplied with demonstrational facilities and research equipment. (b) Courses in farm forestry designed for the use of owners of small tracts of forest land, for farmers taking a short college course, and as a part of agricultural courses. Every college giving agricultural training should offer such courses; and they should be included in the training of men in Normal Colleges. (c) Extension work, carried on by field agents connected with educational institutions or with state departments, for reaching farmers and owners of small tracts of forest land.

The inadequacy of instruction in forestry in the Southern States is indicated by the following comparison of the number of institutions in the Southern States and in other portions of the United States offering courses in forestry and the number of instructors engaged exclusively in teaching this subject and in investigative work.

In the northeastern states there are 11 institutions offering courses through 43 special instructors.

In the Lake and nearby states there are six institutions with 21 instructors.

In the western states there are eight institutions with 29 instructors.

In the 15 southeastern states four institutions with six special instructors have announced courses for the session 1923-24.

Of the 24 Forest Schools in the United States offering courses leading to special degrees, only two are in the southeastern states.

The southeastern states contain one-third of the potential forest lands of the United States and more than one-half of the privately-owned potential forest lands, the owners of which are being served through six per cent of the instructors.

Efficient instruction in forestry cannot be handled as a side line by an instructor in cognate subjects. There are no textbooks in forestry which cover southeastern species or conditions, and instruction if pertinent must to a large extent be accompanied by research. At the present time only two institutions in the South can be considered as engaged in forest research. There is no available publication by any state which adequately treats of the growth, yield and the silvicultural requirements of the longleaf pine, which must be considered as one of the most essential forest trees of the southern coastal region, although it has practically ceased to exist as a commercial tree in the three Atlantic states. The same is almost true of yellow poplar, which is one of the most desirable trees for general propagation within the mountains.

The old timber of the southeastern states has largely passed into the hands of non-residents and the profits from its operation are still chiefly enriching other states, leaving behind as legacies to the local communities millions of pauper acres. A similar change in ownership is now beginning to take place respecting the lands which have naturally restocked to young timber but which is not yet of merchantable size; and this movement must inevitably continue unless local owners are adequately instructed in methods of managing such lands so as to realize their full earning capacity.

The problem is a large one. On account of the time element involved, which in the case of lands which have been devastated and which it is necessary to reset in timber, thus yielding no returns in several decades, private capital is reluctant to invest. In addition to the time element the hazard due to the fire menace is a deterrent. Effective results which will make this large area of forest and potential forest land, amounting to practically one-third of the surface of these states, productive and contributive to their industrial welfare requires bringing into use every influential factor.

We Laymen and Our Railroads

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Whenever railroad management and railroad labor reach a deadlock, we laymen have a good deal to say about our rights to uninterrupted railroad service, but during periods of industrial peace and economic prosperity we are not often found on the housetops proclaiming the duties which accompany the rights claimed. Neither are we overzealous in performing these duties.

We of the public come in for a good deal of scolding by both management and labor and we very likely deserve more than we get. We are told by railroad management that we can have the kind of service we want if we are willing to pay the price; by labor, that we can have a service uninterrupted by strikes if we will see fair play. We interpret what the railroads tell us to mean that if we will put up the money and demand only so much regulation as is necessary to elevate the competitive struggle among the roads from the level of a street brawl to the dignity of a prize fight, they will give us a well-nigh perfect service. We interpret what labor says to us to mean that we can be rid of strikes once for all if we will see to it that labor gets as much in the way of wages and working conditions as it could reasonably expect to club out of the roads by means of the strike.

Now, so far as management is concerned, we have been under the impression all along that we have put up the money. In fact, until very recently, we thought we had put up more money than we had got back in road. It was, really, a very great relief to be told by the Interstate Commerce Commission that our railroads are worth just about, perhaps a little more, than their recorded cost. We still believe we pay the bill.

As we laymen see it, the railroads produce and sell to us each year just so many passenger miles and so many ton miles and what we pay for these constitutes the bulk of income to the roads. To be sure, in looking over the annual reports which we receive from the individual roads, we find a long column

headed non-operating income, but when we look over the various items included, we find that they represent merely what a particular road has received from what we paid the others for hauling us and our wares. We feel pretty sure, then, that we have put up the money and that we do pay the bill. Furthermore, we are fully aware that we shall have to continue to do so. The most sensitive points of contact between us and our railroads are in the matter of investment and rates. Where do our railroads stand as regards the investment situation?

I

Railroads must compete for funds in the investment market with other branches of industry. Those laymen who are fortunate enough to have funds to invest have been educated in a financial school which has taught that the best investment is that in which the greatest yield is coupled with the greatest safety. We make no distinction between the railroads, which are a public service industry and semi-monopolistic, and those industries which are purely private and competitive. Evidently, the ability of either to pay dividends depends upon the amount of net profit, that is, the difference between total receipts and total expenses. But the profits of the two classes of industry accrue because of very different circumstances. In private industry we leave the entrepreneur free, within wide limits, to make his expenses what he will, and we pay him for his products what we as *individuals* judge them to be worth. He is at liberty to make his expenses what he will and his receipts what he can.

When it comes to the railroad, a naturally monopolistic and public service industry, the situation is quite different. Through the various state commissions and the Interstate Commerce Commission we, *acting jointly and not individually*, fix rates and thus control income, in so far as the price of the thing sold has anything to do with income. On the other hand, through the Railroad Labor Board established by the Transportation Act of 1920, we presumably control from sixty to seventy per cent of the expenses. Thus it comes about that we have in our hands largely the determination of railroad profits.

Not only do we exercise great influence on the actual amount of earnings, but we have set up what we consider an ideal rate of return on a fair valuation of the property used in the transportation field. This rate has been set by the Interstate Commerce Commission for the country as a whole at a five and three-fourths per cent average. Although we control income and the major part of outgo, and although we have established what is considered an ideal rate of earnings for the roads, we have not in the past, do not now, and never shall in the future, obligate ourselves to put our money into railroad securities at this yield.

Our ideal five and three-fourths per cent yield is brought about through the rate making powers which have been given the Commission by the Act of 1920. For rate making purposes the country is divided into four districts and a rate schedule worked out for each which, it is hoped, will enable the roads in each district to earn on the average five and three-fourths per cent. Under any rate schedule some roads would earn more than others. Through rate making the desired result for each district is approximated. Acting under the authority granted by the recapture clause, the Commission takes one-half of the excess above six per cent from those roads which do earn it and puts it into a common fund for the benefit of those which do not. This provision produces a situation full of paradoxes.

During periods of depression it will certainly do the most successful roads no harm and the least successful no good. There are not likely to be any earnings subject to recapture. This is the present situation.

During periods of prosperity private industry, without a handicap, will earn so much more than the five and three-fourths per cent, the maximum set for the railroads, that it can over bid them and will get the bulk of the funds available for investment.

During a period of depression it is quite likely that the earnings of private competitive industry, and of railroads as well, will go below the five and three-fourths per cent mark. In that case, what few investors there are will be forced to choose between two perhaps equally bad opportunities.

Expansion and improvement in the railroad industry are a matter of years. Tunnels are not bored over night. It is always the part of wisdom for roads to begin early in a depression to prepare for the revival which will be due by the time the work is finished. The fact that five and three-fourths per cent has been decided upon as an ideal rate of return on railroad investment is no guarantee that this rate will be earned or paid, and by the same token no guarantee that the roads can borrow for needed improvements. During such periods, then, all efforts through rate shifting and otherwise fail to produce the five and three-fourths per cent earnings and the consequent borrowing power. For lack of funds needed expansion must be delayed. During depression, therefore, our arrangement is of no benefit to the roads.

In normal times it may so happen that the borrowing capacity of the railroads will equal that of other industries and the necessary funds be forthcoming. But during periods of prosperity when average earnings in private industry are more than five and three-fourths per cent, the investor will favor that industry. Why invest in a railroad security whose maximum average earnings are five and three-fourths per cent when one can do better elsewhere? We refuse to loan to a railroad unless it pays as big a return as some other industry, and we penalize a road if it does earn as much as that private industry. We assume the paradoxical position of demanding a quality of service of the road and at the same time of withholding from it the only means it has of rendering that service.

Thus it comes about that during periods of depression we cannot loan our funds to our roads; during periods of normal times we may; and during periods of prosperity we will not. We are trying to serve at the same time the god of public service and the mammon of private gain.

This somewhat extreme statement of our anomalous position may be a little severe; there may be extenuating circumstances. To a considerable extent those who are fortunate enough to have money to invest, endanger that *investment* if they *do* put their funds into railroads; they injure their *railroads* if they *do not*. They seem damned whether they do or

do not. Being ordinary mortals they do what other ordinary mortals do. They put their funds where they yield most and let the railroads go hang.

II

Having set up five and three-fourths per cent as the desired rate of earnings, and having placed a valuation on the roads, we have committed ourselves to a definite amount of income as ideal, that amount being calculated by taking five and three-fourths per cent of the valuation. The ideal amount of earnings changes only with a change in the estimated value of the property or the rate of return set. In actual operation there are at least three variables involved in determining net income. These are: the rates charged and the amount of traffic handled, on the income side, and expenses on the outgo side. The amount of traffic carried depends upon the economic condition of the country at a given time, rates are arbitrarily set, and expenses, although somewhat variable, do not increase or decrease in proportion to the increase or decrease in the amount of business done. They are a sort of law unto themselves. The only man-made factor in the trio is rates. We attempt by sliding rates up or down to bring the actual net income into conformity with our ideal and predetermined amount. The trouble with our program is that it will not work both ways. If actual profits exceed our ideal ones, we can always bring about a decrease in them by a sufficiently drastic rate reduction, but it frequently happens that a rate increase will not bring the actual up to the ideal. This was precisely the trouble with the rate schedule which was modified on July first, 1922. During the depression the roads simply could not earn five and three-fourths per cent, regardless of what the rate schedule was.

What we as a whole have said to ourselves as shippers and investors is this: "During periods of prosperity it is of more public weal that shippers enjoy low rates than that investors receive ample returns; during periods of depression it is of less public woe that investors receive small returns than that shippers pay high rates."

It would seem that if we have a right to penalize a road in its prosperity, we also owe it a duty in its adversity. This is

not pleasant to contemplate. It involves a subsidy of some sort and we do not like subsidies. It is an interesting commentary on the situation, however, that the five and three-fourths per cent ideal standard of earnings is so widely misunderstood and spoken of as a guarantee.

III

We of the public stand squarely by our right to uninterrupted railroad service. Strikes threaten interruption and we, therefore, deny that railroad labor can walk out in a body. Claiming this as a right, we must acknowledge the duty which goes along with it.

The outward manifestation of the performance of this duty is the labor provisions of the Transportation Act of 1920. When this act was under consideration during the early months of 1920 the anti-strike provision of the Senate was stricken out in the House. Thus at the very beginning of our most recent attempt to solve the railroad labor problem, we side-stepped the whole issue of compulsory arbitration. Instead of making strikes illegal and setting up a compulsory board of arbitration, with compulsory award, we resorted to means more indirect. However desirable an end may be, it is sometimes wiser to approximate it indirectly than to attempt to attain it completely. But whether wise or unwise, what we actually did was to provide three methods of solving disputes arising between railroads and their employees.

The first of these is nothing more than a pious wish that managers and their employees settle their difficulties out of court, so to speak. A sort of duty was legislated upon them to settle all disputes and disagreements by conference. The second is simply permissive. The broadest possible latitude is given that Railroad Boards of Labor Adjustment *may* be established by agreement "between any carrier, group of carriers, or the carriers as a whole, and any employees or subordinate officials of carriers or organization or group of organizations thereof." In the third place, chief reliance is put in the Railroad Labor Board established by the act. A very brief analysis of the composition, duties, and powers of this Board will reveal even more clearly our inconsistency.

Though the act nowhere states it in so many words, the purpose of the Board is to prevent any interruption to the operation of any carrier growing out of any dispute between the carrier and its employees. What was wanted was a board which would make strikes impossible, a board of compulsory arbitration. We desired to obtain this result indirectly through this tribunal rather than directly by legislation. The shop crafts strike of 1922, reduced to its last analysis, was a sort of trial by fire to see really whether the Railroad Labor Board is a board of compulsory arbitration or not.

In order to obscure the real intent of our action, we placed upon the Board the duties of insuring peace but gave it absolutely no power to enforce its decrees. Absence of power and compulsion are not compatible. Its sole reliance is therefore in the approval of such public sentiment as may have been formed previously, or is manufactured through propaganda by the interested parties while the matter at issue is pending. Having given the Board absolutely no authority to enforce its decisions against or in favor of the road, in favor of or against labor, we do not lay ourselves open to the charges involved in trying to secure our real object.

In order that its decisions may be as fair as possible we have taken refuge in a multitude of counsel. The Board consists of nine members; three representing the public, three representing labor, and three representing the railroads. By the process of selecting three men whose chief qualification is prejudice in favor of the roads, three whose chief qualification is prejudice in favor of labor, and three without prejudice, we hope to get the least warped decisions. We have a semi-judicial body, three of whose members constitute the jury, three represent the defendant, and three the plaintiff. This has already brought about personal animosity among the members.

We plead guilty to the indictment that we claim more rights than we are willing to pay for in dues. What explanation is there of the glaring defects in the way we have handled the whole railroad problem? Much of the blame lies with the public, more perhaps with the railroads, and no little with the railroad labor unions themselves.

IV

Laissez faire, because of peculiar conditions in the United States, has been our cardinal industrial doctrine. We have had faith to believe that competition would solve all problems for all men in all industry. We have not in our legislative program, until very recently, made any distinction between purely competitive and naturally monopolistic industries. The application of this extremely individualistic doctrine to the railroad industry, which is a public utility and almost a natural monopoly, gave us the era of railroad brigandage that existed from the close of the Civil War to the passage of the Interstate Commerce Commission Act in 1887.

The ill will and hostility begotten during that unfortunate period have outlived the conditions which created them. We do not trust railroad management today to the extent of its deserts in spite of the Willards, the Markhams, and their like. It was a prominent railroad man who said, "The public be damned." That catchy phrase is of a piece with "rum, romanism, and rebellion" and has done infinitely more harm. A billion dollar loss is a conservative estimate of its damage to the railroads of the United States.

It is going to take a great deal of railroad righteousness to overcome our prejudices, and more charity than we have shown in the recent past to give the roads a fair show. We shall have to devote a good deal more careful study to the problem than the public has given it hitherto. There must be a better criterion of success or failure than whether the 2:15 out of White River Junction arrives in Boston in time for the theatre. The responsibility of enlightening public opinion lies with the railroads and, to a large degree also, with the labor unions.

Few of those who have the advantages of a formal education are given training in the transportation field and fewer still enter the railroad service. The task, therefore, of forming an enlightened public opinion is taken from the shoulders of the educational institutions, or, to speak more nearly in accord with the facts, it has never rested on them except incidentally, and has been shifted to the parties directly interested. Besides being interested, their duties are so exacting and they are so

busy that they do not, as long as things are running smoothly, take the time to explain to the public what seems so simple to them but so complex to the man who is equally busy on his own job. It thus comes about that the educating of the public, the forming of public sentiment, is neglected when resistance to this training is least. In the past it has been only during periods of great stress and uneasiness that a really conscious effort is made. Then such an avalanche came that it was impossible to read all the literature received, to say nothing of digesting it. We were simply overwhelmed. We were discouraged. If we made an honest effort to work ourselves out, by the time we did so, the strike, if the trouble happened to be a strike, would have been settled on grounds of expediency, in a public sentiment compounded of prejudice and propaganda.

During a period of public uneasiness, for instance, it would be difficult for one who enjoys the implicit confidence of the public to hold its attention long enough to give a few plain facts. In such a state of mind, what is the public to do when it is told by railroad labor that it is receiving a wage below the minimum of existence and by the railroads that it is receiving an ample reward? We fall back on the statement of the Railroad Labor Board that the purchasing power of the wages of railroad labor is greater than it was in 1917 and that of the Industrial Conference Board that this purchasing power is greater than in 1914. But this proves nothing as to the fairness of the 1914 or 1917 wage schedule.

About all we get out of the controversy is that, since railroad labor has actually existed from 1914 up to date, its claim of not receiving an existing wage is extravagant. It may or may not be true that railroad wages enable labor to maintain as high a standard of living as is socially desirable, and that, after all, is the important question. So it comes about that the conflicting facts given by both sides during industrial disorder have little bearing on the real question.

Furthermore the use that some railroad officials make of undisputed facts does not always make for that confidence so necessary to the real solution of the railroad problem. The bad impression left by these gentlemen is unfortunately charged up

to the whole of railroad management, rather than to those who are actually responsible. An illustration will clarify the meaning.

From 1914 to 1922 the rates between certain selected points on rubber boots, overshoes, shoes, gloves, hosiery, cotton piece-goods, silk goods, hats, and suspenders increased by approximately one hundred per cent. When the railroads were seeking an advance in rates in 1920, they showed conclusively that a considerable raise in the rates on such high class articles as those listed above would cost the public nothing, because the freight on these articles constitutes such a small part of the family expense. By granting the desired increase, railroads would be greatly benefitted without cost to the public. On the other hand, those low grade articles whose chief cost to the consumer is transportation, were not mentioned.

In 1922 a vice-president of a well known road used these self-same figures in an attempt to prove to an audience that regulation had been responsible for a doubling of freight rates. His reasoning was that regulation and the rate raise took place at the same time and therefore the one was the cause of the other. Now as a matter of fact what we pay in freight on this list of articles is nothing in comparison with what we pay on our coal and lumber. The effect of regulation of rates on these and other important articles was absolutely ignored by him. In the first case we were told that if the raise were allowed the effect would not be felt; in the second case we were told that the rate raises have been very expensive and that the expense is due to over regulation.

One other alibi for our shortcomings will suffice. This time we are encouraged to disbelieve, even more strongly than we do already, that which we want to disbelieve. We do not believe in government ownership of railroads. We have been confirmed all along in this by the railroads and, until the end of the war, by the labor unions. Our reasons for opposition are simple. We believe that, since we pay all the bills anyway, we will get more for our money paying wholly in rates under private management than we will by paying partly in rates and partly in taxes to make up a deficit under government

ownership. The question then becomes simply one of efficient operation. Now, just what line of argument is advanced to strengthen us in our belief in government ownership? It is un-American, it is socialistic, it smacks of Bolshevism, it is undemocratic, it is bureaucratic, and, the trump card, it failed during the war!

Since it is a mere question of getting the most for our money, we fail to see how it is un-American. The statement that it failed during the war deserves consideration. To begin with, in war the criterion of success changes. What is eminently successful in time of peace may be a dismal failure in time of war. During the early months of the war the railroads were operated by the Railroads' War Board, an organization representing the private companies as such. They failed to produce the requisite service—did the best they could under the circumstances—but maintained earnings. During peace this would have been judged success; during war it was judged otherwise. Saving the roads and losing the war would have been of little avail. The government took over the roads, poured out money on them like water, as it was doing in every other war industry, moved men, munitions and materials in unprecedented quantities. This was the purpose for which they were taken over and that purpose must be accounted to have been achieved. The amount of money poured into the railroads was sheer loss, just as that which was poured out of our cannon.

It is bootless to convince an already convinced public that it will get better service from private ownership than from government ownership and operation. The effort which is now being expended on the program to render adequate service is directed to a much better end. We, the public, confess that we have been none too successful in handling the railroad problem, but we also claim that under the circumstances of our railroad bringing-up little else could have been expected of us. There must be some best way to run our railroads whether we have found it or not. Any critical discussion which did not suggest ways and means of improvement would be destructive and consequently worthless.

If it is a fact that under present restrictive legislation it has become too difficult for railroads to borrow (and it is), some way must be found to remedy the situation. The solution lies in one of two directions. If we hold that five and three-fourths per cent is a reasonable return on investment, or any other per cent, and penalize those roads which earn more, it seems but fair that any deficit below this should be made good out of government funds. This means subsidy and subsidy is anathema to the average American citizen. The guarantee must be something more tangible than recourse, through borrowing, to a hypothetical revolving fund. Even if this fund should ever reach sizeable proportions, recourse to it would be had by those very roads which could not borrow elsewhere. They would be as little prepared to meet their obligations to the government as they would have been had they borrowed from the public. Should the government have to foreclose it would find itself in possession of a railroad and would be under the necessity of operating it. Under such conditions we would simply be drifting insensibly into government ownership, the very thing which the roads themselves want most to avoid.

The other alternative is to let the railroads earn what they can but to compel consolidation in such a way that the strong roads will absorb the weak. Such a program would give all the advantages of group rate making and at the same time allow the earning of a return on capital comparable to that in private industry, in so far as rates can bring about such a result. The policy must be so liberal that the railroads can lay by enough during periods of prosperity to carry them over periods of depression. Sufficient funds must be available for them to continue in the market, even during depression, for materials and labor. The result will be a stabilization of commodity prices and wages, and less unemployment. If we are unwilling to pursue this policy of liberality, the other course open is to fix our rates and our hypothetical return where we will and pay out of the treasury the resulting deficit if there is one.

This policy of liberality toward the roads would reduce the labor question to solvable proportions. The policy carries with it an obligation on the part of the roads to keep work going

when, in the absence of such policy, it is now suspended. This obligation, lived up to, would give continuity of employment, a consideration as important to labor as wages and working conditions. For this to be accomplished there must be of necessity mobility of labor. Under these conditions not much time can be lost as to whether the joining of a brass pipe to an iron one is a steamfitter's or a plumber's job. Labor will have to lessen the number of jurisdictional disputes and do with all its might what its hands find to do.

As a price for this policy of liberality, paid for in advance, we, the public, must be told the plain facts and what they mean. The process of education must continue in season and out of season. The cost of this education, even though it may necessitate the introduction of an entirely new department in the present railroad machinery, will pay for itself as it goes. The work of the legal department in securing through suit what the roads rightly deserve will be reduced and that at great savings. For it is a good deal easier and much less expensive to secure what is wanted from a friendly public by persuasion, than from an irate one by litigation.

The Value of Medical Research to Mankind and to Animals

ESPECIALLY AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF

LOUIS PASTEUR

(CONCLUDED)

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Turning now to individual medical researches which have made great contributions to Human Welfare, I must content myself with the story of only a few of the most notable, for to recite the whole long catalog would expand these lectures far beyond reasonable limits for even your friendly indulgence. My "Bill of Particulars" to which I now turn must therefore be a restricted one.

The two great achievements in modern medicine before my professional studies began in 1860, were vaccination in 1796 by Edward Jenner, and anesthesia, first introduced publicly to the profession on October 16, 1846, when I was nearly ten years old, by Morton and Warren, at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

BACTERIOLOGY

The third great achievement was the discovery of the causal relation of bacteria to many diseases. Thus arose a new science—"Bacteriology"—the most important discovery *ever* made in pathology. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that Bacteriology is the most important discovery *ever* made in *any* department of medicine, for upon its revelations hang most of our modern surgery, and a very large part of the advances in modern medicine and in modern obstetrics. Bacteriology is also the foundation of the greater part of modern sanitary science and of much of our agricultural success.

While bacteria had been named and known for many years, they had not been classified and coördinated into a science until about forty years ago. The earliest use of the word "Bacteriology" dates only from 1884. With the rise and development of Bacteriology must always be associated three illustrious names: Pasteur, Lister and Koch, especially the first two.

PASTEUR AND LISTER'S ACHIEVEMENTS—
SPONTANEOUS GENERATION

I was in Paris as a student in 1865 when the scientific world was stirred to its depths by the great contest over spontaneous generation. One of my teachers was a son of Pouchet, Pasteur's principal opponent. Pouchet published experiment after experiment in which it seemed impossible at first sight to explain how the living organisms arose in his apparently sterile flasks except by spontaneous generation; but with marvelous genius, Pasteur always found some unguarded portal of entrance. For instance, Pasteur not only sterilized the contents of his flasks and then sealed them, while boiling, but high up in the Alps held each flask above his head when he broke the neck of the flask with sterile forceps, and the air rushed in carrying any germs there were in it. Even the direction of the wind was evoked in his behalf. If the wind blew over the opened flask first and then over his body, no infection followed. If he turned around so that the wind swept past his body first and then over the opened flask, it carried germs from his person and his clothing, and infection followed. Such minute precautions are now the A B C of Bacteriology—then they were wholly new and even derided as unnecessarily meticulous.

Up to the time of Pasteur's experiments, putrefaction was believed to result from the action of the oxygen of the air on the putrescible substance. Pasteur, and later Lister, by as simple an experiment as that of Columbus and the egg, proved the falsity of this belief. Lister filled four glass flasks one third full of urine, a quickly putrescible fluid. He then drew out the necks of the flasks into fine tubes less than one-twelfth of an inch in diameter. The neck of one flask was left vertical and open to the air. The necks of the other three were bent downward at various angles but were also all left open. Each flask was then boiled. This sterilized the inside of the flask as well as the urine. All four were kept together in the laboratory. The air with its oxygen, as the night grew colder, was slowly drawn into all four flasks and slowly expelled as the air grew warmer in the morning. In a short time the flask with

a straight neck underwent putrefaction. The three with necks bent downward, but freely open to the air, remained perfectly free from putrefaction for *ten years*, when they were destroyed by a fire. The explanation is clear. The germs in the air drawn into the flask with the vertical straight neck fell directly into the fluid and caused its speedy putrefaction. In the air drawn into the flasks with bent necks, the germs, being slightly heavier than air, settled on the sides of the neck of the flask and never reached the fluid. The oxygen entered all flasks alike.

The final result of many experiments and prolonged controversy was that the impossibility of spontaneous generation was absolutely established. *Omne vivum e vivo* was proved to be true. Only life can produce life.

It is a fascinating story. The *Life of Pasteur*, by his son-in-law, Vallery Radot, who is not a scientist, is the most inspiring scientific biography I know. Its title in the earlier editions wins us by its wit and modesty and is really untranslatable from the spirituelle French into our clumsy though virile English; "Louis Pasteur. Le Vie d'un Savant par un Ignorant."

Pasteur was born in 1822 and died in 1895, at the age of seventy-three. About the middle of the nineteenth century, when he was in the early thirties, we "did not know much more of the actual causes of the great scourges of the race, the plagues, the fevers, and the pestilences, than did the Greeks," as Osler has well said. He then continues: "Here comes in Pasteur's great work. Before him Egyptian darkness; with his advent a light that brightens more and more as the years give us ever fuller knowledge."

The year 1855 found Pasteur in the University of Lille, a "mere chemist," as his adversaries called him. He knew nothing of medicine, and never became an M.D. Yet we doctors all pay him enduring homage as one of the greatest of our guild—truly an "Honorary Member."

Lille was a town of great breweries and Pasteur's services were soon enlisted in the study of diseases of beer, which led him again to study fermentation in all its varied forms in beer,

wines, vinegar, alcohol, sour milk, and rancid butter. He carried over the exact methods of the chemist, but along with it the imagination of the poet, into this new realm of Biology. He disproved the then prevalent belief of Berzelius that fermentation was due to a so-called "catalytic" influence of a certain substance—acting simply by its presence. I learned this catalytic theory in my student days in the 'fifties at Brown, and had to unlearn it. Pasteur proved conclusively that fermentation was due in all cases to a *living substance*, such as the yeast plant, or the mother of vinegar, or similar vegetable organisms in all fermentations.

These studies produced in his mind the idea that diseases of men, like diseases of beer, of wine, of milk, of butter, might be due to microscopic germs floating in the atmosphere, an idea which was to fructify into great discoveries, destined in the hands of Lister to revolutionize medicine, surgery and obstetrics, and to prove of untold value to man and animals. The key to Pasteur's methods is found in his dictum, "In experimental science it is always a mistake *not* to doubt, when facts do not *compel* you to affirm."

Then, in Paris, followed the contest over spontaneous generation, to which I have already alluded.

THE SILKWORM

Next, Pasteur's genius was sought in an effort to save the great silk industry in France. This industry was threatened with extinction by an extraordinary and inexplicable mortality of silkworms. He had "never even touched a silkworm." But he was equal to the task. After a long and laborious search, with many puzzling apparent contradictions, he finally discovered that the silkworms had been destroyed by *two* diseases. One of these, named *pébrine*, was caused by peculiar germs called "corpuscles" and the other, called "flachery," by an infective micro-organism.

Then the problem was solved. The eggs of all the silkworms in whose bodies the "corpuscles" of "*pébrine*" were discovered were destroyed and only the eggs of healthy worms

were used for breeding. Ordinary precautions against infection prevented "flachery." The latter was not hereditary, the former was. A national calamity was averted.

In 1868, when only forty-six years of age, Pasteur's labors and even his life were threatened with complete collapse. His entire left side was suddenly paralyzed. Gradually, however, he recovered and, wonderful to relate, his very best work was done during the next twenty years. While he never entirely regained the use of the paralyzed side and always had a bodily limp, yet, fortunately, his active mind never limped, but strode onward conquering and to conquer.

ANTHRAX

Another of his great achievements which again blessed his always idolized country was soon accomplished—the conquest of anthrax. This is a very ancient disease. It is believed to have been the "murrain" of the Egyptian plagues. It is a very fatal disease in men as well as in cattle. In Italy, from 1890 to 1902, the annual toll of human lives was 2,100, and in Russia, from 1904 to 1909, it cost as many as 16,000 human lives a year. Fortunately with us, cases of the disease are rare. I have seen only three cases.

Anthrax was then devastating the sheep and cattle of France and costing also many human lives. Animals grazing over certain fields suddenly fell ill and quickly died. Pasteur proved that even from buried carcasses of animals dead of anthrax, the worms brought the anthrax germs up to the surface and that animals browsing over such a field became infected and died. Men who handled even their hides, long after the animals had been killed, fell victims to the disease, so that we know it in this country chiefly as "wool-sorters' disease," from the source of infection. This germ may live in the soil as long as twelve years, and still be deadly. It has spread all over Europe and a number of outbreaks have occurred in America.

I have only time to describe two of Pasteur's experiments, one upon hens, the other on sheep and cattle, ending in his triumphant vindication.

In 1850 Davaine first noted, but only as a curious fact, that in the blood of animals dead of anthrax little rods or bacteria existed. In 1863, after reading a paper on fermentation by Pasteur, Davaine had asked himself whether possibly these little motionless rods might not act as ferment—like yeast—and be the cause of the disease.

In 1877 Pasteur began his researches. He cultivated the bacteria from the blood of animals dead of anthrax. By inoculating a sterile fluid with a drop of this first culture, he obtained a second, from this by transferring again one drop a third, and so on up to one hundred generations, and found that the one hundredth culture would kill as certainly as an injection of the blood itself.

Among other animals hens had been inoculated with anthrax germs, but they did *not* die. Pasteur became interested in this curious exception and finally found the reason for it. The normal temperature of the hen is several degrees above that of sheep and cattle. This higher temperature he believed prevented the growth of the anthrax bacilli in the hen. To test this important point in the life history of the bacilli, he inoculated hens and then lowered their temperature by cold baths. This so reduced the temperture of the hens that the anthrax bacilli could multiply and the hens died the next day. A few degrees of temperature more or less held the balance between life and death.

One ingenious experiment clinched his argument. A hen was inoculated with anthrax and held in a cold bath until it was evidently very ill with anthrax. Then the hen was taken out of the bath, dried, wrapped up in cotton, and recovered entirely. Her temperature fell in the bath so that the anthrax bacteria grew and made her ill, but when her temperature rose after removal from the bath, the bacteria were killed by the heat and she recovered.

It is startling for us, with all our physical and mental superiority, to find that we, too, are at the mercy of such almost infinitesimal lowly plants which break through and steal our health and often our very lives. Happily, however, Pasteur showed the way to escape from this danger. I can give you a personal instance of the speed and violence of the invasion of

such bacteria. Many years ago, at a postmortem, I pricked my thumb with a needle very slightly. In fact, I hardly knew that I had pricked myself. In eight hours I began to feel chilly, in twenty hours my temperature was 105°. I barely escaped with my life.

Note what a temperature of 105° means. It means that my one hundred and fifty pounds of flesh and blood had its temperature raised from 97.5° F. to 105° F., or 7.5°; and not only was it raised to that height, but it would have been kept there or would have gone even higher until death supervened. But modern surgery came quickly to my aid. Under ether the thumb was widely opened and thoroughly disinfected and my life saved.

Pasteur's last triumphant experiment as to anthrax was dramatic. He had discovered by many experiments that the anthrax bacteria could be cultivated at 42° or 43° C., but in a weakened form; i.e., they never develop "spores," or, as I may call them, "seeds." At 45° C., the bacteria themselves could no longer be cultivated. You see now the value of his experiments on hens! He was now ready for the *experimentum crucis*.

He proposed with this attenuated virus to vaccinate twenty-five healthy sheep against anthrax. Then later to inoculate these twenty-five vaccinated sheep and twenty-five other healthy but *un-vaccinated* sheep with a virulent virus of anthrax. He predicted that by a certain day every one of the twenty-five vaccinated sheep would escape death and every one of the twenty-five unprotected sheep would die. It was, indeed, a decisive test. One of his opponents said: "He *must* succeed. . . Let M. Pasteur not forget that the Tarpeian Rock is near the Capitol."

On May 5, 1877, at the Pouilly-le-Fort farm near Melun, a large crowd of people, farmers, doctors, veterinary surgeons, and others, assembled at this memorable rendezvous to see Pasteur's vindication or his humiliation. The first twenty-five sheep were then inoculated with the protective vaccine. On May 17, a second protective inoculation was given to the same twenty-five sheep. On May 31, an inoculation of anthrax virus of full strength was given to all fifty sheep, twenty-five

protected and twenty-five unprotected. By June 5 he declared that all the unprotected twenty-five would be dead and the twenty-five protected would all be alive.

On June 2, three days earlier than his predicted date, when Pasteur arrived, he was loudly acclaimed the victor, for there already lay the dead carcasses of twenty-two of the unprotected sheep and the other three were dying, while the vaccinated sheep were in good health.

All France rightly rang with his praises. The method has been adopted everywhere, and by this vicarious sacrifice of a few sheep, countless flocks and herds have been rescued from the suffering and death to which they were doomed by Nature's cruel experiments. Their owners have been saved from enormous pecuniary loss and millions of human beings have been provided with so much *more wool, more hides and more meat* as a sequel to that memorable day. Our enterprising and most useful Agricultural Department has discovered a serum even more potent as an antidote than Pasteur's. To insure and standardize its strength it is always tested first on rabbits. Pasteur's saving of animals in France more than paid the whole Prussian indemnity of 1871—five billions of francs.

PUERPERAL FEVER

But a still greater triumph marked these same years—the conquest of puerperal or childbed fever. This fever is the most humiliating incident in the history of medicine. A quarter of a century after the ink had dried on my own medical diploma, the obstetrician—who should usher in a new life—was too often a sower of the seeds of death.

In the Pennsylvania Hospital from 1803 to 1833 every eighteenth mother left her newborn baby motherless. In 1872 Lusk, of New York, reported an epidemic in which one mother out of every *five* died! In my own early professional life I knew of case after case proving fatal, and in some epidemics the accoucher for a long interval had to relinquish practice entirely, for Death always peered over his shoulder and slew every fifth, fourth, third and even every second, mother. A mortality as high as fifty-seven mothers out of every hundred has been recorded! Its mystery, like the pestilence

that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day, spread fear among doctors and expectant mothers.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in 1843, showed that it was contagious and that the doctors and nurses themselves carried the dreaded infection, but how or why no one knew. In 1846 Semmelweiss, in Vienna, after experiments on rabbits, insisted on disinfection of the hands by chloride of lime—an antiseptic—but was derided and even ostracized. Pasteur, however, compelled a hearing throughout the world: what is better, he won the victory.

In 1879—less than forty-five years ago—in a debate at the Paris Academy of Medicine, the leaders were at odds as to the cause of this fever and were totally ignorant of any means for preventing it. Suddenly interrupting an eloquent colleague discussing the various possible causes, Pasteur declared that puerperal fever was of bacterial origin, and was carried by the doctors and nurses. His colleague retorted that he feared that this strange microbe would never be found. Thereupon, Pasteur at once stepped to the blackboard, and drawing what we know as the streptococcus, said, "Voila la figure!" (There it is!) And there it was, indeed!

And what has been the result of the researches by which Pasteur demonstrated the cause of childbed fever and how to abolish it? Every wife and every husband should know these facts and treasure Pasteur's memory in their hearts. Instead of every eighteenth, every fifth, or more than every second mother lost to her husband, her children, and the community, puerperal fever now slays only one mother in three hundred, to even so low a rate as one mother in twelve hundred and fifty. And in one consecutive series of cases numbering 8,373, not one mother lost her life from puerperal fever!

When the usual mortality from puerperal fever now in the maternity hospitals and in the practice of leading obstetricians is only one-tenth to two-tenths of one percent, is it not a tragedy that in private practice it is often two percent or more: that is, ten to twenty times greater than it should be? The rank and file of the profession must be wakened up to their delinquency in not using antiseptic and aseptic precautions.

CHICKEN CHOLERA

Chicken cholera was a serious malady in France until Pasteur's researches in 1882. Healthy fowls would suddenly sicken and die within a day or two from a mysterious disease without apparent cause. Once more Pasteur waved his wand and light shone in the darkness. He discovered the germ, and by inoculating healthy hens, was searching for a vaccine against it similar to the anthrax vaccine. One day by accident he injected a culture from an *old flask* standing on a shelf in the laboratory and forgotten for a few weeks. The hens thus accidentally inoculated with this old virus sickened, recovered, and when tested with strong virus, withstood it and remained well. The vaccine was found. To mediocrity the happy accident that it was an old culture would have been merely a curious fact to be recorded. To genius it was a fertile idea to be explained and developed by experiment. We shall see this in a moment when considering hydrophobia.

SWINE ERYSIPELAS

Next, this swine plague was investigated. "Send me one thousand francs," he wrote. "I have but three hundred francs left. Pigs are expensive and we are killing a great many." "Killing a great many?" True. But how many thousands and hundreds of thousands has he saved by the sacrifice of the few score which he called "many"? It is the old story of the fifty sheep at Pouilly-le-Fort farm—a vicarious sacrifice sanctioned both by science and humanity. That this is of value to us in America is evident because in one year in the United States over a million of swine died from this disease.

HYDROPHOBIA

I have only time to record one other service by Pasteur. This is his notable victory over that horrible disease called rabies in animals and hydrophobia in man. Pasteur's mind had been irresistibly drawn to this malady by its mysterious nature and by his previous studies. In 1881 he began his researches. Whatever its nature (and this germ, mark you, has not even yet been discovered) his investigations showed

him that the virus centered in the spinal cord, especially in its upper end. After the bite of the rabid animal there was always a long period before the disease would develop—a period of weeks and even months of fear and suspense. Finally Pasteur tried the experiment of injecting some of the upper end of the spinal cord of a dog dead of rabies directly into the brain of a rabbit, then a portion of the spinal cord of that rabbit into the brain of another, and from that into still another, until, instead of months of uncertain waiting, he was able to induce the disease in fourteen days and later in seven days, thus greatly facilitating its study. Remembering his remarkable experience in the weakening of the virus of chicken cholera and of anthrax by time, he now suspended the spinal cords of a number of dogs dead from rabies by a thread in sterile sealed jars. In the bottom of the jars was some caustic potash to absorb the moisture and thus facilitate the drying. By many experiments on various animals he at last found that a spinal cord which had hung in such a jar for two weeks could be injected into the brain of animals and that rabies did not follow. Then he tested on the same dog material from a cord after thirteen days of drying, later from a cord which had been drying for twelve days, and so on until the experimental dog was so fully protected that even the strongest fresh virus had no effect.

Victory again was his. But only a victory over the disease in animals. Dare he use it in human beings? "My hand will tremble," said he, "when I go on to mankind." He shrank almost in terror from injecting into a human being the virus of rabies. What if perchance it should give the patient an attack for which *he* would be responsible!

At last accident forced his hand. On July 6, 1885, the mother of an Alsatian boy of nine, named Joseph Meister, brought him to Pasteur. *Two* days earlier he had been attacked by a rabid dog and received fourteen wounds. Anxious to help the child, yet fearful of harming him, and only after consulting with some scientific friends, Pasteur began the treatment with fear and trembling. First he used a cord dried for fourteen days, then one dried for thirteen days, then for twelve days, and so on. But what anxious days and nights

he spent! He could neither work nor scarcely sleep. He was beset even in his dreams by visions of the child in the grasp of the demon of hydrophobia. On July 16, still with fear and trembling, he injected finally material from a cord which had been dried for only one day. Some of the same cord injected into rabbits was followed by rabies in the rabbits. But the boy remained well. Gradually his fears subsided as time went on and the boy still remained perfectly well. His final triumph was achieved. In July, 1920, I shook hands with that boy, then the happy Concierge of the Pasteur Institute in Paris.

In the following October, another boy was inoculated *six* days after being bitten. He too recovered. From thenceforward the remedy was used more and more freely with lessening fears and growing hopes.

Before Pasteur, of one hundred persons bitten by rabid and supposed rabid animals,—dogs, wolves, foxes, etc.,—about sixteen fell victims to hydrophobia. Of these sixteen *every one* died. There is not, I think, a single well-authenticated case of recovery after the disease has developed. The mortality of all those bitten is, therefore, about sixteen percent—the mortality in actual cases of the disease is one hundred percent. Naturally the patriotic fervor of the French quickly led to the establishment in Paris of an “Institut Pasteur,” founded by popular subscription of over two and a half million francs. From 1886 to 1920—thirty-four years—there were treated at this Pasteur Institute, 42,819 persons, and the mortality for the last few years has been about one-third of one percent; that is to say, nearly fifty times less than in the days before Pasteur.

All over the world Pasteur Institutes have been established, and their record of success everywhere has been practically the same.

Muzzling of all dogs would banish hydrophobia. How cruel we are to refuse to cause slight discomfort to dogs and thereby to sacrifice human lives.

No more devoted patriot than Pasteur existed. His efforts were always for France. “Nothing would have consoled me,” said he of his vaccine against anthrax, “if this discovery had not been a French discovery.”

His whole life is redolent with patriotism. When he was informed that a village in Algeria had been named after him, he wrote: "When a child of that village asks what was the origin of the name, I should like the schoolmaster to tell him simply that it is the name of a Frenchman who loved France very much and who, by serving her has contributed to the good of humanity."

Yet Pasteur did not allow his scientific studies to stifle his spiritual nature. In 1865, in a letter to Saint Beuve, he wrote,—"My philosophy is of the heart and not of the mind, and I give myself up, for instance, to those feelings about Eternity which come naturally at the bedside of a cherished child drawing its last breath. At those supreme moments, there is something in the depths of our souls which tells us that the world may be more than a mere combination of phenomena proper to a mechanical equilibrium, brought out of the chaos of the elements simply through the gradual action of the forces of matter."

So, also, wrote Weir Mitchell in *Characteristics*— "I have seen countless deaths in battles, executions, deathbeds—men, women and children. It has never lost for me its awfulness. The materialism which makes it seem the mere stopping of a machine, into which I once reasoned myself, lessened and left me long ago I have ceased to reason about it. At every dead man's side, I feel more and more that something, immaterial as the Being who willed the thing to live, has escaped me and my analysis. Life seems to me a thing as real, as positive as death, and as we live on and on, we get to have more and more trust in recognition of truths indefensible by mere logic."

Faith is as much a function of the mind as is mere logic. But we must ever be wary lest it degenerate into superstition.

Pasteur found the key which unlocked the door of absolute certitude as to the cause of a multitude of maladies, especially puerperal fever and of many surgical conditions which had reaped a continuous harvest of death in all countries, in all classes, and in all centuries.

Before Pasteur, we could only guess as to the cause of that fundamental, all-prevading condition—that Field Marshal

of the Hosts of Death—INFECTION—with its holocaust of victims. He it was who pointed out the road and gave us the weapons by which we won the victory. He it was who first opened our eyes to our multitudinous enemies in the Kingdom of the Infinitely Little. He it was who inspired the labors of his many followers. I do not hesitate to say that for the physical welfare of the human race, Pasteur was the Supreme Benefactor!

He challenged Ignorance and Prejudice and, after a stiff fight, they capitulated. He challenged Disease, and forced it to yield up its secrets. He challenged Death, and it fled from his presence.

Do you hesitate to accept so sweeping a statement? Come, then, and let us reason together. Recall his saving the lives of the silkworms of France. They are very lowly creatures, I admit, but they doubtless enjoyed their succulent mulberry leaves, and upon the lives of these myriads of little worms hung much of the prosperity of France. Recall his prevention of suffering and his saving the lives of millions upon millions of swine, fowls, sheep and cattle, not only of France, but all over the whole, round world. Recall his prevention of horrible suffering and his saving of hundreds, if not thousands, of human lives by his researches on hydrophobia. Recall his saving of suffering and his prevention of the death of countless millions of human beings from medical, surgical and puerperal infections. You will then quickly say "Amen!" to my statement, extravagant as you may have deemed it at first!

The English Lake District before Wordsworth

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The English Lake District has become to such an extent the Mecca of Wordsworthians that it is customary to think of the Lake Poets as the discoverers of the beauties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. An examination of the facts, however, shows that unless the word *discoverers* be used in a spiritual sense, it could not be applied to Wordsworth and his coterie. Wordsworth was a Cumberland man; he knew the country because he spent his boyhood there; he interpreted it because in the last few years of the century, the man, the moment, and the place met. The real discoverers of the lakes were not great poets; the lakes became popular not because Wordsworth wandered over the fells and immortalized a few lonely dalesmen, but because the world went out in search of the picturesque, and went the more easily because of a new turn-pike. Before Wordsworth had become known to the literary world, the Lake District had become a tripper's paradise.

Before the middle of the eighteenth century, however, few visitors dared attempt the long journey of three hundred miles from London to Cumberland. The roads were almost impassable; highwaymen flourished despite the corpses on Tyburn gallows. Almost the only travelers to the north were on errands of state or business; some few antiquaries braved the dangers of the way for the sake of knowledge.

The antiquaries have little to say about the scenery: Leland, for instance, commenting upon Windermere, says, "There is a very great Lake, or Mere, whereof Part is under the Egge of *Furnes Felles* cawll'd Wynermerewath, [sic] wherein a straung Fisch cawlld a Chare, not sene else there in the Cuntry as they say."¹ Camden's description of Westmoreland is very matter-of-fact; his account of Cumberland is somewhat

* The writer acknowledges his debt to Miss Myra Reynolds whose chapter on travel in her *External Nature in English Poetry between Pope and Wordsworth* suggested the subject of this article. Her treatment of the artists who dealt with the lakes is so complete that this article does not make any attempt to consider the lakes in painting.

¹ *The Itinerary of John Leland the Antiquary*. In nine volumes. Third edition, Oxford, 1769. vol. VII pt. I, p. 52.

more sympathetic, "Behind this the river Derwent hides itself in the sea. It rises in *Borrodale*, a valley surrounded with crooked hills, winds among the hills called *Derwentfels*."² Camden says of Skiddaw that it "rears its double head so high among the clouds like Parnassus, and looks towards Scruffell, a mountain in Scotland, as if it meant to rival it; by the ascent or descent of the clouds from both of which the inhabitants draw presages of the weather, and have the common proverb,

—If Skiddaw hath a cap
Scrufell wots full well of that."

Thomas Fuller in his *History of the Worthies of England*, comments amusingly if unintelligently upon Westmoreland: "Here is cold comfort from nature, but somewhat of warmth from industry. That the land is barren, is God's pleasure; the people painful, their praise. That thereby they grow wealthy, shows God's goodness, and calls for their gratefulness.

"However, though this country be sterile by general rule, it is fruitful by some few exceptions, having some pleasant vales, though such ware be too fine to have much measure thereof; insomuch that some bad friends to this country will say, that though Westmoreland hath much of *Eden* (running clean through it), yet hath little of *delight* therein."³

In her Diary, published as *Through England on a Side Saddle*, with an Introduction by the Hon. Mrs. Griffiths, Celia Fiennes, a gentlewoman of the late seventeenth century, was more concerned with noting down facts than impressions of beauty. She visited the Lake District: after mentioning the char fish for which Windermere was famous, she said, "Thence I Rode almost all the waye in sight of this great water, some tymes I lost it by reason of y^e great hills interposing and so a Continu'd up hill and down hill and that pretty steep, even when I was in that they called bottoms, w^{ch} are very rich good grounds, and so I gained by degrees from lower to higher hills w^{ch} I alwayes went up and down before I came to another hill. At last I attained to the side of one of these

² Camden, W., *Britannia* . . . Translated by Richard Gough. The second edition in four volumes. London, 1806. Vol. III, p. 422.

³ *The History of the Worthies of England*, a new edition with explanatory Notes and Copious Indexes. By P. Austin Nuttall, LL.D. In three volumes. London 1840. Vol. III, p. 301.

hills or fells of Rocks, w^{ch} I passed on the side much about the middle, for looking down to the bottom it was at east a Mile all full of those Lesser hills and Jnclosures [sic], so Looking upward I was as farre from the top which was all Rocks, and something more barren tho' there was some trees and woods growing in y^e Rocks and hanging over all down y^e Brow of some of the hills. From these great fells there are several springs out of y^e Rock that trickle down their sides, and as they meet with stones and Rocks in the way, when something obstructs their passage and as they Come with more violence, that gives a pleasing sound and murmuring noise" (p. 163).

During the half-century following Celia Fiennes' journey, the visitors to the Lake District were few. About 1750 a few travelers passed through the northern valleys and published accounts of their journeys in the magazines. Thomas Amory, in his Unitarian romance, *John Bunclle*, published 1756-66, makes his hero travel through the north country in search of a wife. It is interesting to contrast the romantic point of view of later lake enthusiasts with the more restrained attitude of this early traveler. He speaks of himself traveling through the lake country: "warm with a classical enthusiasm, I journey'd on, and with fancy's eye beheld the rural divinities, in those sacred woods and groves, which shade the sides of many of the vast surrounding fells, and the shores and promontories of many lovely lakes and bright running streams."⁴

Allured by such accounts as these, still more enthusiasts followed in the wake of the pioneers. "When the first tourists penetrated the Lake District in the late eighteenth century, by means of the newly-made turnpike road, they regarded it as recently discovered country. They came in search of the picturesque, armed with a landscape mirror and a guide-book that directed them to the 'stations' or views where the instrument might be best used; and they alternately shuddered and glowed over the prospect unfolded in precipice, water-fall and lake.

⁴ Amory, T., *The Life of John Bunclle, Esq.* A new edition in three volumes, London, 1825. Vol. I, p. 101. He speaks of the northern edge of Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland as "a part of England, which even the borderers on it are strangers to, and of which Camden had not an idea" (Vol. II, p. 13-14). Of the lake district of Westmoreland he remarks that it is "the most romantic and most beautiful solitude in the world" (Vol. III, p. 151).

Here it seemed to them, nature ruled supreme; while only the lowly cot of herdsman or shepherd relieved occasionally the desolate mountain solitude.⁷⁵

It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of the turnpike road in opening up the Lake District. London and Glasgow were not connected by direct coach service until late in the eighteenth century. Coaches were announced as going by Borough-bridge, starting December 26, 1773.⁶ Plummer's Glasgow and London Coach began in 1788, and made the journey in sixty-five hours. It went through Penrith. Owen's *New Book of Roads* gives the road from London to Cocker-mouth, passing through Winandemere, Ambleside, Ridale-park, Nunmail Wraystones, Keswick, and Crosthwait. In a note the author says: "Near the inn at Ambleside is a fine cascade."⁷ By this road it was two hundred and eighty-seven miles from London to Keswick. West, in his *Guide to the Lakes, in Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire*,⁸ commenting upon the popularity of the region, says, "The gentlemen of these counties have set a precedent worthy of imitation in the politest parts of the kingdom, by opening at private expence, carriage roads for the ease and safety of such as visit the country; and the public roads are equally properly attended to."

Although these were not the *politest parts* of the kingdom, it is interesting to note that the intelligence of the dalesmen was far above that of men of similar rank in other parts of the kingdom. A writer in *The Monthly Review* for 1778 remarks, "Few persons are to be found in Westmorland, who cannot both read and write. Hence the people, in general, are civilized, and of an humane and hospitable disposition. This is owing to the number of free schools. . . . Few villages are to be found in these parts, that have not some institution of this kind, and the children of the ordinary husbandmen are often acquainted with Aesop and Corderius before they go to the plough" (p. 169). Unless this be a gross exaggeration, such a high level of peasant

⁶ Miss M. L. Armitt in *The Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society*, vol. VIII N. S., p. 136.

⁷ Harper, C. G., *The Manchester and Glasgow Road*. In two volumes, London, 1907, vol. I, p. 5.

⁸ The Fifth Edition, London, 1788, p. 79.

⁹ The Fifth Edition, London, 1793, p. 2.

intelligence is not without significance in the consideration of Wordsworth's poetic theories; nor is it insignificant in the impressions it must have left upon the earlier Lakers who preceded the great poet.

The trail was blazed for these early tourists by an inferior poem, by occasional letters in the magazines, by published *tours*, by numerous guide-books, and by the writings of certain well-known literary men, prominent among whom was the poet Gray. Some of the descriptions were extravagant, some dwelt to excess upon the romantic, others represented in an almost too matter-of-fact manner the topographical details of the countryside.

In 1775, John Dalton (1709-1763) published a *Descriptive Poem* that dealt in part with the region around Keswick. The poem contains a description of the Falls of Lodore and its environment; it is significant that the poet's brother had already painted the scenes that the poet himself describes. Dalton belongs distinctly to the old-school poets of the century; in speaking of Skiddaw, he says, after addressing it as "supreme of mountains,"

My muse these flights forbear,
Nor with wild raptures tire the fair;
Hills, rocks, and dales, have been too long
The subject of my rambling song.*

A little before the appearance of this poem, however, a letter of considerable importance had appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. In February, 1751, an anonymous writer gave an account of a visit to Westmoreland and Cumberland in August, 1749. Although his chief interest was in the lead mines of Cumberland, he gave some account of the country near Keswick: "The *Widehope* fells," he says, "with their impending woods, form a very pleasing and romantic appearance. The town seems to be ancient, and the poorer inhabitants subsist chiefly by stealing, or clandestinely buying of those that steal, the black-lead, which they sell to *Jews* and other hawkers."¹⁰ This article is accompanied by a map of the part of Westmoreland that included the lake district.

* Hutchinson, W., *The History of the County of Cumberland*. In two volumes. Carlisle, 1794. Vol. II, p. 161, note.

¹⁰ *The Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. XXI, p. 52.

A second letter in this early period is by a certain J. Harris who writes from St. Paul's Coffee-house, January 6, 1761, to *The Gentleman's Magazine*. He describes in some detail a valley in Westmoreland. His remarks have a moralizing tendency not unusual in his century: "Such is the tranquility, such the happiness that reigns in this pleasing solitude; and could the votaries of noisy mirth and riotous intemperance be prevailed upon to visit this calm retreat, and behold the true content and unalloyed delights these peasants enjoy, they would, I am persuaded, be convinced, that they have pursued only the shadow of pleasure, who has here fixed her throne.

"For my own part I must confess that I left this happy valley with regret, and that age has impaired my faculties, and almost dried up the fountains of life, yet I beheld with pleasure their innocent diversions, and could hardly forbear joining in their rural pastimes. 'Happy mortals (said I to myself) you enjoy that satisfaction which the rich, the great, the ambitious, and the powerful, seek in vain amidst the crowds of a splendid court, and the gay assemblies of a populous city. And after gliding thus serenely down the stream of life, you will pass, with equal serenity through the strait of death, into the boundless ocean of a happy eternity'."¹¹

Dr. Brown's well-known *Letter*, published in 1767, though perhaps written much earlier,¹² emphasizes the natural beauty of the lakes: "At Keswick," the author says, "you will on one side of the lake, see a rich and beautiful landscape of cultivated fields, rising to the eye, in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily dispersed, and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most picturesque forms. On the opposite shore you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur, some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal feet never yet approached. On these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests; a variety of water-falls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magni-

¹¹ *The Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. XXX, Pt. I, p. 73.

¹² Cf. Reynolds, Myra, *op. cit.* p. 226, note, where date 1748-1754 is suggested.

cence."¹³ Dr. Brown and his successors laid increasing emphasis upon the romantic in nature. At night, the good doctor added, "The moon's mild beams now glistened on the waters, and touched the groves, the cliffs, and islands, with a meekness of colouring, which added to the solemnity of the night, and these noble and romantic objects, struck us with reverence; and inspired the mind with pious sentiments and ejaculations" (*ib.*, p. 198).

Dr. Brown's *Letter* was followed by various *Tours*, some of which I have mentioned above: Gray's, Arthur Young's, Thomas Pennant's, and Hutchinson's. Some of these are so detailed that they are almost inseparable from the formal Guide-books published a decade or so later.

In September, 1769, Thomas Gray, accompanied by Dr. Wharton, set out for the north of England. Unfortunately, before they had entered the Lake District, Dr. Wharton was forced by illness to return to the south. In order to console his friend for the disappointment, Gray wrote a very complete account of his experiences in Westmoreland and Cumberland. His descriptions are enthusiastic: "I got to the *Parsonage* a little before sunset, and saw in my glass a picture, that if I could transmit to you, and fix it in all the softness of its living colours, would fairly sell for a thousand pounds. This is the sweetest scene I can yet discover in point of pastoral beauty. The rest are in sublimer style."¹⁴ Of Grasmere, he says, "a white village with the parish-church rising in the midst of it, hanging enclosures, cornfields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees and hedges, and cattle fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. . . . Not a single red tile, no flaming gentleman's house, or garden walls break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise, but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest, most becoming attire."¹⁵

Nor did Gray confine himself to an appreciation of pastoral scenes. His chief delight was in the gloom of the ancient cells of Kirkstall as contrasted with the verdure of the landscape. When he visited Gerdale-scar he called the fall "the principal

¹³ West, *A Guide to the Lakes*, pp. 196-7, Addenda.

¹⁴ *The Works of Thomas Gray*. Edited by Edmund Gosse. In four volumes. N. Y. 1885. Vol. I, p. 260.

¹⁵ *Ib.* pp. 265-6.

horror of the place" and remarked that "the gloomy uncomfortable day well suited the savage aspect of the place, and made it still more formidable." Such sentiments were not unbefitting a student of the medieval and a forerunner of the movement of revolt.

An investigator of economic conditions rather than of beauty, Arthur Young departs from his usual method at the sight of Keswick. Turning for a moment from his details of resources and products, he exclaims, "now, Sir, for the glory of *Keswick*,—its Lake, so famous all over *England*."¹⁶ Like some of his contemporaries he stresses the romantic: he mentions the view from the head of Crastig-fall—"nor can anything be more horribly romantic than the adjoining ground where you command this sweet view." In commenting upon the view from the top of Skiddaw, he says that the ranges of mountains are "wild as the waves, sublimely romantic." He is impressed by the superiority of natural beauty over artificiality: "What," he asks, "are the effects of a Louis's magnificence to the sportive play of nature in the vale of *Keswick*. How trifling the labours of art to the mere pranks of nature."

Another of these early tourists, Thomas Pennant, also delights in Keswick and its surroundings: he calls the vale of Keswick the "*Elysium* of the North," and says of the lake both that it is "celebrated" and that its southern extremity is "a composition of all that is horrible."¹⁷ He suggests a resemblance between these mountains and those of the continent: he speaks of the "Northern *appenines*," near Winander (p. 40); he notes that over the narrow part of Thirl-water there is "a true *Alpine bridge*" (p. 43); he says that near Keswick, "The views on every side are very different: here all the possible variety of *Alpine* scenery is exhibited, with all the horror of precipice, broken crag, or over-hanging rock; or insulated pyramidal hills, contrasted with others whose smooth and verdant sides, swelling into aerial heights, at once please and surprise the eye" (p. 45).

¹⁶ Young, A., *A Six Month's Tour Through the North of England*. In four volumes, London, 1770. Vol. III, p. 141.

¹⁷ Pennant, T., *A Tour in Scotland, and Voyage to the Hebrides*; 1772. Part I, second edition, London, 1776. p. 45.

Most of Wordsworth's predecessors were in quest of the picturesque as portrayed by certain much-admired painters. Dr. Brown in his frequently quoted letter says; "But to give you a complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Keswick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake and wooded islands. The second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steeps, the hanging woods, and foaming waterfalls; while the grand pencil of Poussin should crown the whole with the majesty of the impending mountains."¹⁸

The early visitors to the lakes during this period did not employ the word *picturesque* in the modern general sense: when they used the word, they thought of the art of painting, the fitness of the scene for representation by the artist. In reviewing *An Excursion to the Lakes in Westmoreland and Cumberland*, August, 1773, *The Monthly Review* remarks, "The scenes here described are, indeed worthy of all that the powers of the pen or the pencil could contribute toward their due celebration; but the hand in which either is held, ought to be guided by the genius of a Titian, a Poussin, or a Claude."¹⁹ Reviewing William Gilpin's *Observations Relative to Picturesque Beauty, made in the Year 1772, on several Parts of England, particularly the Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland*, the same magazine remarks, "The romantic scenes, the subjects of our author's remarks, are here described in elegant, rich, and luxuriant language. In a word, his pen is the pencil of a painter."²⁰

Gilpin discusses in great detail the composition of picturesque scenes. "In a distance," he remarks, for example, "the ruling character is *tenderness*; which on a *foreground*, gives way to what the painter calls *force*, and *richness*. . . . The effect of this harmony is *breadth*, or *repose*. Its opposite is *flutter*, and *confusion*."²¹ He classifies cascades as *broken* and *regular* (p. 118). But, he says, "In the mean time, with all this

¹⁸ Quoted in West, *op. cit.*, p. 197.

¹⁹ *The Monthly Review*, O. S. Vol. LI, p. 242.

²⁰ *The Monthly Review*, O. S. Vol. LXXVIII, p. 315.

²¹ Gilpin, W., *Observations, Relative Chiefly to Picturesque Beauty*. . . . Second Edition. In two volumes, London, 1788. Vol. I, pp. 111-112.

magnificence and beauty, it cannot be supposed, that every scene, which those countries present, is *correctly picturesque*" (p. 127). He suggests that at times the imagination may remedy these defects: "By the force of this creative power an intervening hill may be turned aside; and a distance introduced" (*ib*). Gilpin stresses still further the operations of the imagination, in a manner not unsuggestive of Wordsworth himself: "We may remark further, that the power which the imagination hath over these scenes, is not greater, than the power, which they have over the imagination. No tame country, however beautiful, however adorned, can distend the mind like this awful, and majestic scenery. The wild sallies of untutored genius often strike the imagination more than the most correct effusions of cultivated parts" (pp. 129-30).

Yet nothing could be more foreign to Wordsworth's portrayal of the dalesman than Gilpin's discussion of suitable figures to be included in those picturesque scenes. He is unwilling to have commonplace figures in pictures of the lake country, but permits a fisherman to appear because of his boats and nets which are picturesque. He feels that the "characters, which are most suited to these scenes of grandeur, are such as impress us with some idea of greatness, wildness, or ferocity; all of which touch on the sublime.

"Figures in long, folding draperies; gypsies; banditti; and soldiers,—not in modern regimentals; but as Virgil paints them,

longis admixi hastis, et scuta tenentes;

are all marked with one or other of these characters: and mixing with the magnificence, wildness, or horror of the place, they properly coalesce; and reflecting the same images, add a deeper tinge to the character of the scene" (II, pp. 45-6).

To make the picturesque as picture-like as possible, the eighteenth-century tourist carried with him a landscape-mirror, which West describes as a "plane-convex glass, and should be the segment of a large circle; otherwise distant and small objects are not perceived in it; but if the glass be too flat, the perspective view of great and near objects is less pleasing, as they are represented too near."²² The observer would place

²² *Guide to the Lakes*, p. 13.

himself in one of the stations recommended by the guide-book for the view, then would turn his back upon the scene itself and gaze rapturously upon its reflection in the mirror.

The modern visitor to the lakes, imbued, more than he would perhaps admit, with the spirit of Wordsworth, learns with a shock of the various modes of entertainment provided for his ancestors who made the same tour. He is perhaps amused by the thought of a landscape-mirror, but as he steams quietly down Ullswater from Pooley Bridge, he is filled almost with horror at the thought that in the eighteenth century, "The vessel was provided with six brass cannon, mounted on swivels;—on discharging one of these pieces, the report was echoed from the opposite rocks, where by reverberation it seemed to roll from cliff to cliff, and return through every cave and valley; till the decreasing tumult gradually died away upon the ear."²³ This was followed by the echo, and later by the music of two French horns. Gilpin, lamenting the character of the visitors to the lakes, mentions one of their diversions: "A number of horses are carried into the middle of a lake in a flat boat. A plug is drawn from the bottom: the boat sinks, and the horses are left floating on the surface. In different directions they make to land; and the horse, which arrives soonest, secures the prize."²⁴

Gilpin was by no means alone in his comment upon the character of the tourists who infested the lakes. "To make the tour of the Lakes," remarks *The Monthly Review* in 1778, "to speak in fashionable terms, is the *ton* of the present hour."²⁵ In 1780, the same periodical remarks: "In this tour-making age, different travellers are excited by different motives. One is prompted by curiosity; another is urged by business, or the pursuit of health; others set out in search of that amusement which they cannot meet with by staying at home; and there are, who industriously *go forth*, in search of materials to *make a book*."²⁶ The most emphatic testimony, however, comes from

²³ Hutchinson, W., *A Excursion to the Lakes in Westmoreland and Cumberland; with a Tour Through Part of the Northern Counties, in the Years 1773 and 1774*. London, 1776, p. 65.

²⁴ Gilpin, *op. cit.* II, pp. 68-9.

²⁵ Vol. LIX, O. S., p. 70.

²⁶ Vol. LXIII, O. C., p. 24.

the great reformer and statesman, William Wilberforce, who spent parts of several years in the Lake District. Just before he left Westmoreland in 1788, he writes to one of his friends; "This place wherein I looked this summer for much solitude and quiet, has proved very different from retirement. The tour to the lakes has become so fashionable that the banks of the Thames are scarcely more public than those of Windermere. You little knew what you were doing when you wished yourself with me in Westmoreland."²⁷

Passing over Hutchinson, Gilpin, and West, whose important *Excursion*, *Observations* and *Guide to the Lakes* have already been noted, we should not neglect to mention a work that stands first in literary quality among the guide-books of the Lake District. Although Wordsworth's *A Description of the Scenery of the Lakes in the North of England* does not properly come under the title of this paper, its importance as a literary document should do much to justify mention of it here. It is a sympathetic description of the country by one who gave it a new and spiritual significance.

Wordsworth was the first great literary figure closely associated with the lakes. Most of the poets who were natives of Cumberland and Westmoreland chose topics far afield from their own countryside. Some, like Richard Brathwait, "Drunken Barnaby," mention the human side of the Lake District rather than the scenic:

Thence to Killington I passed,
Where an hill is freely grassed,
There I staid not though halfe-tyred,
Higher still my thoughts aspired:
Taking leave of mountains many,
To my native Country came I.

Thence to Kendall, pure her state is,
Prudent too her magistrate is,
Here it likes me to bee dwelling,
Bousing, loving, stories telling.

and again,

To the North frame I my passage

²⁷ Wilberforce, R. I. and S., *The Life of William Wilberforce*: Revised for the American Edition by Caspar Morris, M.D., 2nd Edition, enlarged. In two volumes, Philadelphia, 1841. Vol. I, p. 87.

Wing'd with hope of more advantage.
 Ragged rocks, and steepy hillows
 Are by gain more soft than pillows.²⁸

The Songs and Ballads of Cumberland, edited by Sidney Gilpin, London, 1866, contains many poems written by minor poets of the North, but practically none of the poems contain any reference to the natural scenery of the Lakes. Most of them are either imitations of the Scotch, particularly of Burns, or else typical products of a sentimental age. One of the most interesting of the poems is an imitation of Horace, by Joseph Ralph²⁹ of Sebergam, (1712-1743). It begins,

The snow has left the fells and fled
 Their tops i' green the trees hav cled,
 The grund wi' sundry flowers is sown;
 And to their stint the becks are fa'n (p. 25).

But at this point the phraseology becomes conventional; the natural gives place to the artificial.

Richard Cumberland, the dramatist, visited the Lake District in the autumn of 1775. While there he wrote two odes, one, *An Ode to the Sun*, the other an *Ode to Doctor Robert James*, the compounder of James' Powders, a popular remedy of the time. Hannah More said of them: "I tried in vain to prevail upon Mr. Cambridge to read them; but we could not. He has a *natural aversion* to an ode, as some people have to a cat; one of them is very pretty, but another contains a literal *description of administering a dose of James's powders.*"³⁰ The *Ode to the Sun*, published in 1776, is quoted in the *Addenda* to West's *Guide to the Lakes*. A few lines will suffice to show its tenor:

Where, great Spectator, hast thou found
 Such solemn, soul-inviting shades,
 Ghostly dells, religious glades?
 Where Penitence may plant its meek abode,
 And hermit Meditation meet its God.³¹

²⁸ Brathwait, R., *Barnabee's Journal*. Edited from the first Edition, by Joseph Haslewood. A New Edition Carefully revised. By W. Carew Hazlitt, London, 1876.

²⁹ His *Cumbrian Pastorale* were praised by Southey as "transcripts from real life" (Reynolds, *op. cit.* p. 128).

³⁰ Quoted by Williams, S. T., *Richard Cumberland, His Life and Dramatic Works*, New Haven, 1917, p. 113.

³¹ West, *op. cit.*, p. 226.

"Ticket" [sic], Wordsworth remarks, "a man of no common genius, chose, for the subject of a Poem, Kensington Gardens, in preference to the Banks of the Derwent, within a mile or two of which he was born."³² He contrasts with his verses those of Doctor Brown describing the tranquility following a sunset in the Lake District. The last lines suggest a sympathy akin to that of the greater poet himself :

Nor voice, nor sound, broke on the deep serene;
But the soft murmur of soft-gushing rills,
Forth issuing from the mountain's distant steep,
(Unheard till now, and now scarce heard) proclaim'd
All things at rest, and imag'd the still voice
Of quiet, whispering in the ear of night.

In these lines Wordsworth notes "a dawn of imagination."

Such, then, were the lakes before *The Lyrical Ballads*, not unknown or neglected, but already so famous for their beauty that they were becoming one of the chief playgrounds in England. They were invaded by tourists in search of the picturesque, inspired by published *tours*, and directed by appreciative and sugary *guides*. The remote districts, to be sure, were not greatly frequented; the wildness of the fells still allowed the chance way-farer to indulge his love for the *romantic* and the horrible. The poets of Cumberland and Westmoreland too often neglected their own for other gods. The times were ripe for a great poet who could find among the quiet beautiful places of earth something more than the merely picturesque or the merely terrible, something which could enable a world torn by revolution to find a new entity, a new One in the midst of many. Wordsworth did not introduce the English people to the Lake District as it had been from time out of mind. But in a very real sense he transfigured familiar places for all who should come after him. The lakes we visit are not the English Lakes; they are Wordsworth's Lakes, lakes of water and of vision, brooded over by

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

³² Wordsworth, W., *A Description of the Scenery of the Lakes in the North of England*, Fourth Edition, with Additions, and Illustrative Remarks Upon the Scenery of the Alps. London, 1823, p. 35, footnote.

Church Union and the Individual Church

EWART WILLIAM HOBBS

Washington, D. C.

We have a habit, with respect to any movement that is under way, of dividing people into opposing camps, such as liberals and conservatives, pros and antis, right and left. These divisions are not always on the line of protagonists and antagonists; they may represent divergent methods of accomplishing the same ultimate end. Such a division is that of opportunist and impossibilist. It is common to most reform movements, perhaps, and it is present in the movement for church union. The division touches the practical application of the reform, and is methodistic in its approach toward union. The one seeks to take advantage of circumstance by an immediate change of that which is susceptible to change; the other postpones the application of the reform to the time when the situation may be changed as an entirety.

Neither is fatalistic. The opportunist desires to put into practice his theory wherever and whenever opportunity presents itself, and he will seek to create that opportunity. The impossibilist, on the other hand, seeks to implant in the hearts of men the desire for the change contemplated, and to educate their minds into the requisite channels of thought, preparatory to the wholesale reformation. The impossibilist sees in opportunism the danger of inadequate application, for partial failure is too often taken to be final failure.

The impossibilist is for establishing his new system at one time, from beginning to end, root and branch. He is not an evolutionist in a practical sense, he is a revolutionist. Says he, "We cannot afford risking failure by half-measures. We must make a clean sweep or none at all." He desires the entire field for his operations. Thus the Russian plaint is that communism is hindered by lack of world participation. To make it successful, all the Russias, all the people of all the Russias, the commonwealth of the world, must adopt it at once. The opportunist point of view is different. "Apply the theory where you can, that people may have a visible exposition of it, become accustomed and endeared to it."

The impossibilist, despite his earnest propaganda, is more or less indifferent to present circumstance. He sees, in theory, no real church union until the two last halves of Christendom are united. The major portion of church union opportunism is undoubtedly to be found among the Protestants, while the impossibilists belong generally to the Roman Catholics or to those who are possessed of their type of thought. To the Roman Catholic one would be just as much separated from the "Church" whether he were to be classed as a "Methodist Protestant" or as a "Protestant." The lack of final and total union is the essential bar. If all non-Roman Catholics were to be united, distinctions between Methodists, Anglicans, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, etc., being obliterated, they would be as much non-Roman Catholics as before, and the schism would be as great and have perhaps as much deterrent effect as ever, granted that non-Roman Catholics comprised a part of the Church at all. Roman Catholics see no union at all except under the See of Rome, and then union, so-called, would be a return to the fold, rather than a coming together of two folds.

The situation being as it now is, both schools offer a difficult program, insofar as a reasonably immediate attainment of church union is concerned.

Much of our action, many of our habits and standards of thought, are highly theoretical. This is assuredly true with respect to "historic succession." That any set of men today is the corporate successor of any previous set of men, is, at most, based on theory. Family or dynastic succession is the most real succession that we are aware of. But even our ideas about the reality of generative succession are theoretical, as the biologist knows well enough. We do know, however, that one person is the germinal offspring of another, that the line of life has of necessity been unbroken since our first parents came into being. Other sorts of succession are hardly more than figures of speech. They depend for their validity upon the theory of how the succession is real. The permanence of the succession necessitates the injection of an objective theory. The Holy Father does not rely for the validity of his *succession* solely on the giving to *Peter* of "the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

Is the Dartmouth College of today the Dartmouth College created by letters patent of King George III, issued in 1769? In 1819 the Supreme Court of the United States treated it as such at that date, and Chief Justice Marshall's theory prevails to this day. But, as a matter of fact, if Dartmouth College of today and Dartmouth College of 1769 are one and the same college, John Doe I and John Doe III are one and the same persons, the latter being the physical descendant of the former and flesh of his flesh and spirit of his spirit. In the latter case there is a real physical connection; in the former the connection is dependent upon a sustained theory. Succession in the Dartmouth College case depends for its validity precisely on our present-day theory of it.

The theory of the continuity of an institution is one with the theory of the institution itself. "An artificial, immortal being was created by the crown," said the Court in the case we have referred to, but "the students are fluctuating . . . and the trustees have no beneficial interest to be protected." The Supreme Court so found the theory of the royal incorporation, *under the Constitution of the United States*, but by a higher theory than that expounded by the Supreme Court, namely, that of reason, we know that no really immortal being was created after all. It was an *artificially* immortal being. Its immortality was merely an expedient, a fiction, for determining certain rights in a superimposed constitutional way. It was pragmatic only. For we are at perfect liberty at any time to revise the Constitution of the United States.

What has all this to do with church union?

In the first place, it involves our theory of what the Church was when it first became known to mankind. Secondly, it touches our theory of what constitutes the present Church; thirdly, of what the final Church shall be constituted; and fourthly, it has to do with our theory of the continuity of the Church. It is obvious that these theories are either unitary or disintegrative in their nature.

Just what is the theory upon which we rely in presuming to say that the Church was, is, will be, and always has been one and the same institution?

The matter of continuity of constitution touches us to the quick when consideration is had of the special organization we happen to be a member of. Not all, but some of us, must needs connect our own organization in a vital way with the church at Jerusalem. Spiritual connection is perfectly satisfactory to us, perhaps, but we maintain the validity of our succession in some manner or other. It is not surprising that we do this, considering how ingrained in our lives is this idea of the necessity of succession. Though we effect a complete severance with the special organization to which we have belonged, and set up a *new* organization, we lay claim to the possession of the thought and spirit of the fellowship of Jerusalem. We do not set up an organization, claim utter independence of any and all religion, and then *adopt* that of Christianity merely because of the presented practicability of it, claiming utter indifference to the dictates of the original spirit of the Church. We are *born again*, perhaps, but we lay claim to *birth*, not a spontaneous springing up into life. We claim parentage.

How then, is it possible for us to sink our special organizations into a new creation composed of those who likewise have sunk their organizations? Are we to be *born again* in coming into the *new* church, or is the coming church to be the successor of many individual churches? Can we deny the churches of which we are now members, recant, and enter the new organization—by a rebirth claim, valid spiritual, or other succession to the church of Jerusalem?

There is no doubt that all confessions claim some sort of validity for themselves. Some of them claim validity to the exclusion of all others. For the latter, of course, there can be no single church unless all others adhere to the "real" faith. With them there would, strictly speaking, appear to be no possibility of *union*. It is safe to say that there is a difference of opinion as to the present *disunion*. For one who holds that his own church has an exclusive validity, there is plainly no disunion at all. To him there is but one church, his own; all other organizations are but religious associations, at their best. To others, the present disunion is something very real, and coupled with their admission of disunion, is the necessary con-

clusion that there are other real churches than their own, churches that have a valid succession or, if you please, are real churches without a real succession to the original community.

Now, we could hardly expect these latter people to abandon their liberal, altruistic views the moment they came into a union one with another. The greater church, if it is to exist with any permanence, must be huge enough to include, and not so small that it excludes, any portion of those who assert for themselves ecclesiastical integrity. It must be great enough to comprise within it people of divergent opinions, not only with regard to matters of a liberal faith, but with regard to questions of validity of organization.

For instance, though they maintained that the greater church was in all respects a valid church, our dissenters might not base its validity upon its inclusiveness. For to do so would admit the invalidity of the denominations from which they had proceeded. Those denominations were integers, separate and not particular. How could they have had the validity of the greater church, if the greater church depended for its own validity on its inclusiveness? Hence, for consistency's sake if for no other, they could not afford to admit an entire change of character in the united church. The united church would be to them merely a total of a number of churches, each valid of its own self.

And we would have doctrinaires amongst us, who would maintain that the united church did not obtain its true nature from the fact that it was exclusive. This opinion would be held, not for consistency's sake, but because of its innate, inherent truth. As it has been held in the past, so will it be held in the future. That is to say, they would lay it down as a cardinal rule that at no period in history has there been, or will there be, a church that is the only valid church possible. To hold a doctrine otherwise would shut off any fundamental reform movement. For the moment you had the only valid form possible, you could never have any other. The church would be at a standstill. We shall always have reformers and conservatives, radicals and stand-patters. It cannot, considering

human nature, very well be otherwise, and certainly we cannot wait for any fundamental reform in human nature before we essay church unification.

The point sought to be emphasized is this, that the future church will, if it ever exist at all, necessarily contain dissenters. It must contain them, if it exist as the sole church. It is a necessary condition of its being at all.

Here is an error that some opportunists have fallen into—that of not taking into proper consideration, if at all, this necessary requirement, that in efforts at unification one must look ahead and answer the question—"If the churches effect a union, will they *remain* united?" It is a foolish rule of conduct never to cross a bridge before you get to it. It is often a wise thing to do it, for all bridges are not weight-proof. It would be disastrous to the course of union immediately to break up into fragments again when union had been attained.

"But," it will be insisted, "the immediate problem is the effecting of the union, rather than its permanent establishment—the present problem is great enough without injecting future ones that can be dealt with when they actually present themselves."

The thing to be looked to is not the order or procession of the problems, so much as their entirety. It is submitted that any campaign for church union is vain if it do not take into account conditions, not which may, but which of necessity will, arise. There is no doubt whatever that the question of future protestantism will arise, just as it has in the past. Where in times past there has been one Luther, in times to come there will be a hundred. Liberty of thought and free expression of conscience guarantee that. No longer can we proscribe our Luthers—we shall have to tolerate and make allowances for them.

The campaign for church union, here and now, must include the question of the permanence of that union, and the campaign must inevitably be conducted with that end in view, else it will be utter vanity.

The church of the future must not only have such breadth of organization that it *may* take in all Christian creeds, but its constitution must be such that it *does* take in all Christian

creeds. That is to say, a fundamental theory of its constitution must be this, that all shades of faith *are* included in it, notwithstanding that some of them choose to deny the theory to be a fact. If the Roman Catholic Church were founded on the theory that all so-called protestants were members of the Roman Catholic Church by the fact, if no other, that they were members of protesting denominations, the Roman Catholic Church would have as a fundamental tenet precisely what the future church must have, if it is to *remain* in existence.

Perhaps such a constitutional theory would be repugnant to many, especially to the dissenters, but there is no other practical way by which union can be made permanent.

It may be objected that what does not exist in fact cannot exist in theory; that we are pragmatizing here; that, supposing universal church union to have been brought about and thereupon a new protesting movement to have arisen with a consequent separation, the united church would no longer, in *fact*, exist, whatever might be the theory about it. It is maintained that if communion had not been denied to protestants, protestants would still be, as a matter of fact, within the view of the Roman Catholic Church, Roman Catholics. That if it were still possible for me to enter a Roman Catholic edifice and partake of its communion, I would, in a practical sense, having as a matter of *fact* the privileges of that church, be a Roman Catholic.

As intimated above, this view of universal communion would be distasteful to many of us, but it is a necessary corollary to the conception of the final church. For it cannot by any means afford to be exclusive. It must, in the very conceiving of its constitution, include all conditions of men, provided they conceive themselves as members of some Christian church, no matter whether it be the united church or not. If certain ones withdraw from its membership, they must not be at the same time thrust out, as has heretofore been the case. Or if they choose not to enter, they must still be presumed to be within the Church, and must, in point of fact, have the privileges of its communion.

The attempt can be made to reduce this theory to an absurdity by extending it to this supposed state of affairs. Sup-

pose some single insignificant church should now arise, with the professed theory that all members of all churches were its communicants, and entitled to all its privileges. Would not that one church, with a hundred resident members, be your universal church, notwithstanding the fact that a hundred million others scorned it and refused to recognize any membership whatsoever in it? What would be the status of a church that could enforce no discipline?

We have no hesitancy in declaring that such a church would have the characteristic which we maintain the final church must have. Whether it would, as a matter of fact, itself be the united church we are seeking after is immaterial, and like the question of how many angels can dance on the point of a needle, need not be answered, if it could be, for it is immaterial. The important point is, that the greater the number of such churches that came into being, the better off the church at large would be. If, say, all Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, United Brethren, and Anglicans, were constituted as the little church we have adverted to, would not the solution of the problem of church union be advanced? For it is exactly what church union needs, the universalization of the individual churches,—such a union rather than a union by incorporation of those churches into a solid unit.

It is a mistake, we think, to stress the importance of mutual incorporation, such incorporation as we have seen in the growth of our industrial organizations. It is submitted that such industrial amalgamation is, for the churches, not only improbable, but decidedly impossible, from the very nature of the case. You cannot, by any cajolery or legerdemain, turn independent churches into dependent ones. And it is erroneous to assume, without better evidence than we now possess, that the tendency of such organizations is to come together, that unity is the spirit of the age. We have, on the whole, more reason to assume that independence and self-determination is the real spirit of the age.

"Well," says our objector again, "supposing now that the Baptists, Lutherans, and Anglicans so changed the constitutions of their respective churches that they made all church people members or communicants of the Baptist, Lutheran, and

Anglican churches. Would not you, Congregationalist though you be, thereby become a sort of Baptist-Lutheran-Anglican-Congregationalist? What kind of a proposition would you term such a complex?"

We would call such a complex a lessening of the importance of denominational distinctions, without taking away from anyone the privilege of being just what he in conscience thinks he ought to be, and without removing him from the discipline of the denomination of his peculiar choice. I, a Congregationalist, would be only too glad to be accorded the privileges of fellowship in the Lutheran church, especially since I would be entitled to those privileges simply by my faithful adherence to my chosen communion. I might or I might not take advantage of those privileges. I would not be compelled to. It is to be regretted that it is not customary for one person to join as many different denominations as he pleases. It is against good reason that we are confined to the strict rule of single fellowship. *Custom compels us to remain separate from each other.* Why should that be so? Cannot a man be a Mason, Elk, Woodman, Odd Fellow, all at the same time? During the war the custom sprang up of permitting transients to become associates of churches other than the ones to which they primarily belonged. Such associates had more than one church connection. The principle was good and is worthy of extension.

The better opportunist program calls for union by universalization of the individual church.

The question of responsibility enters into the equation. Lack of responsibility is a fault of government. The individual representative is not responsible to the extent that he ought to be, when he finds himself an insignificant element of a great body. He can and does lay the burden of affairs on the assembly to which he has been sent. The legislature shifts the burden of program to the executive. The executive returns it to the legislature. Some of our politico-economists believe the responsibility for good government is upon the party in power, others, upon the people. Where, indeed, is it?

Where lies the responsibility for making church union a present fact? If it is possible for the individual church, without reference to other churches, to further the cause of union

by opening its own doors, does not the responsibility lie with that church? Can any one church in good conscience shift the burden upon the shoulders of all other churches? The latter is precisely what is being done today, and the burden should lie with the individual church organization. It can be close or liberal, as it chooses. What will it choose to be?

There are, among others, two ways of accomplishing church union. One is by amalgamation of ecclesiastical communities, as by the uniting of Methodists and Presbyterians, by merging one organization into another through some corporate, organic act. We know how difficult, it may be said how impossible, that is. There is another way, which lies at the base of the whole question, and that is by the universalization of the individual denomination. One scheme works from the top, the other from the bottom. Practically, the former is impossible. The fundamental way here suggested challenges individual effort, is the more immediate way, and puts responsibility where it belongs, upon the individual church.

Union by universalization of the individual, rather than by mutual corporate immersgence, is worthy of our thoughtful attention. It has the merit of a more or less possible present application, and being opportune in its nature, can be taken advantage of when and where we will, without waiting for the day which otherwise seems so far off.

To accomplish this, the individual church must not only permit others to partake of its communion and share its fellowship, but it must make the theory of universal membership in its own denomination a present and an active fact. Permission must be coupled with the actuality of membership. To be a member of one church must entitle the communicant to membership in the church so opening its doors. But we must not hesitate to proceed further. Such a privilege, so accorded, must be regarded as establishing the fact. The theory, indeed, must make the fact.

The Drift Toward Naturalism

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We are either riding on the crest or being borne under the sweep of a great wave of naturalism. The ingénue intellectuals in concert rejoice over it as a new and wonderful thing. As they see it, they have themselves either discovered it or invented it or created it, and their mutual felicitations and congratulations fill the air as with the ululations of mocking birds in a primitive grove. Whether we believe in them or not, whether we could be better employed or not, we are compelled to listen. Listening is of necessity a sort of passivity. It encourages the mood of reflection and analysis. Almost inevitably that mood brings us to the further mood of critical evaluation. What really is the creed of the ingénue intellectuals, how has it come into existence, and why do they take themselves so seriously? At first glance it seems rather amazing that any apostle of flabby and willess vacuity, of blank receptivity functioning only in response to external stimuli as a leaf shivers in the wind, should feel called upon to give his philosophy strenuous voicing for the world. That amazing thing happens, however, and it happens multitudinously. Moreover it happens with a volubility quite equal to its seriousness and fully as disturbing.

It is a long way back to the first man who pondered the problems of the universe and went gropingly toward solution of them in terms of naturalism. He may have been a philosopher, and he may have been only a simple husbandman feeling the spring fret in the air and seeing the white clouds going over out of a bank of rain. Something as elemental as the spreading of a carpet of green over the earth may easily have set his reflective mind afloat on the naturalistic current. Since that time other promptings more various and complex, promptings stimulant of other things than thought, have driven us on until some of us seem to be conscious only of the current. Strangely enough that consciousness has the air of existing, in some cases, in the actual absence of a reflective mind.

Not long ago I was troubled for a moment by what seemed like a naturalistic pronouncement in Marcus Aurelius. It is not proper for a stoic to be a naturalist. It is more fitting for him to be a puritan. Indeed, he was the puritan of two thousand years ago. At the present day, certainly, and presumably at all times, the naturalistic hates the puritan as fervently as the bandit with the curse of Cain upon him must hate the gentleman. For that reason what I came upon in the *Meditations* of the Roman emperor had something of the look of the irreconcilable.

In the twenty-fifth paragraph of the fifth book, as I have it in Jeremy Collier's translation, there occurs the following sentence: "I am in the condition the universal nature assigns me, and am doing what my own nature assigns me." It is hardly possible to understand this in any other way than as a justification for the existence of things as they are. The doctrine of the Roman philosopher is that, since he is doing what his own nature assigns him, he is also doing what the universal nature assigns him, and is for that reason doing what it is best to do. Put in that direct fashion, the doctrine that he asserts is the doctrine of naturalism. So far this is, then, the Roman stoic with a new face. Stoicism is not a surrendering of ourselves to the natural world. It insists rather upon our keeping our souls for ourselves and going our own ways calmly. As against that spirit the sentence quoted seems to identify our impulses with the laws of the universe. When we have reached the point of recognizing and accepting that identification, we have become more or less helpless creatures in the hands of the Destinies. We can only say then, that whatever we do we must do well, because it is part of the whole order of things, because we can do nothing other, because universal nature must be right, and because we must be right in doing whatever it prompts us to do.

Marcus Aurelius was not always consistent. He lived in a troubled time. His thoughts were tossed from one conjecture to another. In his world there was no sound faith in anything on which he could with any feeling of security plant his feet. It is not strange, then, that he should have held or should seem to have held to two positions that superficially, at least, were not

in agreement with each other. Further on in the same chapter, however, we find something that goes a great way in making adjustment between them.

"We ought to live with the gods. This is done by him who always exhibits a soul contented with the appointments of Providence, and obeys the orders of that divinity which is his deputy and ruler and the offspring of God. Now this divine authority is neither more nor less than the soul and reason which every man possesses."

Here we have the greatest Roman of his day, one of the greatest Romans of all time, facing the eternal problem of the duality of the universe. The nature that man shall follow is the divine within him, it is the soul and reason that set him apart from the phenomenal and material world about him. It is the universal nature about him, and yet it is also that universal nature separating him from the accidents of nature, from the transient movements and changes of its material manifestations. In this understanding man lifts himself above the inferior portions and aspects of his world. So he becomes a stoic or a transcendentalist as the setting of his life in time may determine.

For more than a thousand years after Marcus Aurelius the asceticism of medieval Christianity gave man little warrant for founding the legitimate laws of his being in the laws of nature. The world-upheaval that overthrew asceticism had a beginning, no doubt, with Wyclif and Luther, but it became a burning reality with Rousseau. The details of his life, one of the worst-regulated ever lived by a man of his relative greatness, are in themselves an exposition of the doctrine of naturalism. Among the various things that Rousseau wrote, probably that which is best-known in America, is his *Emile*, a contribution to the development of theories of education. The paragraph that follows is from the beginning of the first book.

"Coming from the hand of the Author of all things, everything is good; in the hands of many everything degenerates. Man obliges one soil to nourish the productions of another, one tree to bear the fruits of another; he minglest and confounds climates, elements, seasons; he mutilates his dog, his horse, his slave. He overturns everything, disfigures everything; he loves deformity, monsters; he desires that nothing should be as nature made it, not even man himself. To please him, man must be broken in like a horse; man must be adapted to man's own fashion, like a tree in his garden."

Rousseau was a great influence in breaking down some of the artificialities in the systems of education of his time, but his was also a great devastating activity. This paragraph is an explanation of the more unpleasant of these facts. It is a plea for naturalism. Rousseau urged educators, not to educate, but to let children grow up themselves. Nature will direct their courses to their proper ends better than man. The flame that he kindled was one of the fires that cleared the way for the making of the modern world, but a fire is, after all, a destructive thing. His great emphasis was not upon constructive principles. He gave himself to the business of sweeping old things aside, and the appeal to men to return to nature was irresistible in a society that was overridden with tyrannical artificialities. Naturalism became identified with humanism, and France was ablaze with it at the end of the eighteenth century.

If we look at Germany a little later we shall find that the same condition appears there. Mary Caroline Crawford in *Goethe and His Woman Friends*, writing of some of those in the poet's circle, says: "Now these young men were true products of the 'Sturm and Drang' period, boiling over with hatred for 'tyrants.' Of actual tyranny they knew nothing; that against which they rebelled was the tyranny of custom; and the freedom for which they thirsted was freedom to follow the dictates of Nature."

One reason for the activity of this spirit in France and Germany at this time is of course to be found in the fact that it was a time of rapid change in ideas all through the western world of the continent of Europe. Rebellion and revolt were in the air. The same sort of thing had its place in England at that time, although certainly in a less violent form, because there was less occasion for revolt. Englishmen had in one way and another succeeded in more steadily bringing their natural world into harmony with their inner world. Consequently they had not been so disturbed by the duality of the universe, not so much compelled to take sides against or in support of the conventions. It is worth remarking, however, that the great English rebel, Lord Byron, has perhaps more than any other writer of the period found favor on the continent.

There is an amusing trace of naturalism, or perhaps rather of the struggle with naturalism, in an earlier poet than Byron, the chief of the classical school of poets, Pope. A footnote to the *Universal Prayer* reads as follows: "Some passages in *The Essay on Man* having been unjustly suspected of a tendency toward Fate and Naturalism, the author composed a prayer as the sum of all, which was intended to show that his system was founded in Free-will and terminated in Piety." It may be doubtful what passages inspired suspicion in Pope's day, but it will be remembered that the first epistle of *The Essay on Man* ends with the strangely inconsistent couplet:

"And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right."

The belief that whatever is is right certainly has a naturalistic look. It is a paralyzing sort of faith. Man's activities are practically nullified, if everything is already as it should be. If we must accept absolutely the drift of the universe, the ideal of human existence is the relaxed muscle and the folded hand. In defense of himself Pope was compelled to insist upon the claims of man's moral nature. Those claims have no place in a naturalistic world. If man is only a creature whom the forces of the universe toss now this way and now that, he cannot be held responsible for anything he does.

Magda is probably one of the half-dozen most important German plays of our day, and the author perhaps ranks next to Hauptmann among modern German writers. Wells in his *Modern German Literature* speaks of Sudermann's "uncompromising naturalism." *Magda*, the heroine of the play, has violated both convention and the moral law, but she has had what seems to her a sufficient justification. "Whatever I do is right because I do it," she declares. Further on in the play she makes another pronouncement that has the same ring; "I am what I am, and I cannot be another."

Read as detached statements, these seem simple enough and innocent enough. Understood as a practical philosophy of life, and they are so intended, they are something very different. *Magda* insists that she cannot check the drive of her own nature, and she believes that what she has done under the inspiration

of that drive is right because it is her nature, because it has the sanction of the eternal nature of which her nature is a part. Now, the philosophy embedded in this is one that is very difficult to resist. How shall the individual man oppose himself to the drive of the universe, of nature in its entirety, when that drive finds its most powerful expression in his own being? There is no easy answer, but there is a famous poem by W. E. Henley that brings to the question one of the nobler responses of the human spirit.

"Out of the night that covers me,
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul."

In 1862 there was published in Russia Turgeniev's *Fathers and Sons*, one of the epoch-making or epoch-marking books of our modern world. Out of that book the term *Nihilism* was born. The thing itself was already in existence, but it had not been given a name. Nihilism is not naturalism, but it is one phase of naturalism, it is naturalistic at the core, and I quote from the novel some of the expressions of nihilistic doctrine. The speaker is chiefly the nihilistic hero of the novel, Bazarov, a young doctor newly initiated into the scientific learning of the West. It should be understood that the nihilistic philosophy was not Turgeniev's. He merely exhibited it to the world in the person of Bazarov, probably his most important literary creation.

"We know approximately what physical diseases come from; moral diseases come from bad education, from all the nonsense people's heads are stuffed with from childhood up, from the defective state of society, in short reform society, and there will be no diseases."

"Bazarov said all this with an air, as though he were all the while thinking to himself, 'Believe me or not, as you like, it's all one to me!' he slowly passed his fingers over his whiskers, while his eyes strayed about the room.

"And you conclude," observed Anna Sergyevna, "that when society is reformed, there will be no stupid nor wicked people?"

"At any rate, in a proper organization of society, it will be absolutely the same whether a man is stupid or clever, wicked or good."

Two things in this are particularly to be observed. In the first place, Bazarov insists that there is no such thing as a dis-

tinction between good and evil, between wise and stupid. That is naturalistic through and through. When we have come to think in that fashion, we have yielded ourselves to the universe, we no longer have a soul, conquerable or unconquerable, we no longer care to have a soul. Bazarov would have flouted any god offering to give him a soul.

Again Bazarov says, "All people are like one another, in soul and in body." This process of human leveling brings together the two great questions of our day, the question of race equality, a question of practical affairs, and the question of naturalism, a question of applied philosophy. If all people are to be accepted as like one another, we are certainly doomed to have a hard time in preserving Anglo-American civilization. Conferences for disarmament may discuss the Pacific problem indefinitely. In the end we shall have to grant admission to our shores of peoples of all races and all colors and make them one with ourselves. We shall have to give the negro, not alone political equality with those of our best Anglo-Norman blood, but social and intellectual equality as well. Once admit the doctrine of naturalism, and we shall have to go along with Bazarov and lose all sense of values. We shall have to say that there is no such thing as values. We shall have to feel that it is just as well to be a Marquesan islander as an American, even if the American traces his descent back to William the Conqueror and inherits out of that descent every finer fastidiousness, every sweeter and more wholesome desire that has been made to blossom out of the ages.

If naturalism were a thing merely of France or Germany or Russia, we should have some occasion to be concerned, but not so much concerned. It has found a home in America, and its great expression is to be seen in the work of the poet who is in many quarters most followed as a leader and most admired, Walt Whitman. It is unmistakable in these lines from his "Song of Myself":

"I am of old and young, of the foolish as much as the wise,
Regardless of others, ever regardful of others,
Maternal as well as paternal, a child as well as a man,

Stuff'd with the stuff that is coarse and stuff'd with the
stuff that is fine,

* * * * *

A learner with the simplest, a teacher of the thoughtfulest,
A novice beginning yet experiment of myriads of seasons,
Of every hue and caste am I, of every rank and religion,
A farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman, sailor, quaker,
Prisoner, fancy-man, rowdy, lawyer, physician, priest."

This is again the doctrine of Sudermann's Magda and of Turgeniev's Bazarov. In a broader sense than Pope, Whitman says that whatever is is right. There is for Whitman no distinction of persons, no distinction between virtues and vices, no gradations in human qualities. The rowdy is as good as the artist, the prisoner is as good as the priest. This has been taken for democracy, and it has been applauded for its breadth of human sympathy. There is that much virtue in it, undeniably, but a sympathy that fails to find differences between the beautiful and the ugly, between the fine and the mean, between the enchanting and the disgusting, is futile to do anything for life but rob it of charm. As for democracy itself, it is as yet on trial. Certainly at some points it has meant the vulgarization of life, and if its ultimate end is the breaking down of human distinctions, in so far it will have failed.

In a recent book, Professor Carl Van Doren's *The American Novel*, there occur references to naturalism unparalleled in any preceding book dealing with American literature, as far as my knowledge and memory go. Through the book there runs a treatment of the subject that might make it appear that realism and naturalism are the same thing. The difference between them should be kept rather sharply in mind. Professor Van Doren knows the distinction very well, but realism in art has passed into naturalism in thinking in a deceptive manner, and in the main he seems willing to let it rest there. Realism, however, is a literary method. The realist makes it his business to tell the truth about life. He assumes to do this somewhat unblinkingly, somewhat coldly, regardless of whether the truth is pleasant or unpleasant. We have come to accept that theory of literary art as fitting to our day and to our scientific spirit. The realist, as a realist, however, does not

assume to believe that the truth must be pleasant, that we should receive whatever the universe turns up for our inspection as pleasant, that ugliness is not ugliness. In this respect his creed differs from the creed of naturalism. Realism is willing to remain merely a literary method. Naturalism is a philosophy. The devotees of naturalism accept ugliness and beauty with equal pleasure, partly because their philosophy asserts equality between them and partly because their eyes cannot discriminate and determinate actually existing differences.

In his discussion of the American novel Professor Van Doren speaks of the "Movement," to quote his own words, "toward a harsher realism, an avowed naturalism." He notes also that Howells in his fiction and in his literary theory seemed to check his realism deliberately at the point where it might have passed into naturalism. In his understanding of Howells, this restraint came from an instinct of reticence, of refinement, of good breeding that held Howells back, a sort of check very much worth considering. In a world where there are no values, whether the world of Turgeniev's Bazarov or of Whitman's Self, good breeding, taste, reticence, any of the things that count among ladies and gentlemen, are indistinguishable from their opposites and therefore not to be discovered. We shall have hard work finding them in the world of naturalistic literature.

Since naturalism is not as new and original a manifestation as the ingénue intellectuals imagine, it is possible to make estimate of its sources as seen in some historical perspective. What are the social influences that seem to contribute to its growth? What the philosophic atmosphere in which it flourishes? What the political or the scientific thinking with which it has been most associated?

For the purpose of getting a perspective and a background, we need not look beyond yesterday further than Marcus Aurelius. Socially the Rome of his day was a chaos of broken aims, conflicting passions, distorted incentives, and grovelling aspirations. Philosophically and religiously it was without certitudes of any sort. Scientific thinking was little more than a dilettante observation of interesting things in nature. It formulated no conclusions, reached no ends. Politically the Roman world

was passing from transition to transition. Nothing was stable, and it was not alone the pressure of the barbarians from beyond the Rhine that made the weakness of the state. Disintegration was in the air. The ties that bound men together,—social, domestic, personal, political—were breaking, and the individual man was thrown back upon the resources of his own nature. It was in that world, so conditioned and so buffeted by hard uncertainties, that Marcus Aurelius came to believe in the stoical identification of the laws of his own being with those of the universe. This is not quite an accurate statement of his position, however, because that identification was to his mind not a thing established and immutable, but a thing to be achieved. To the naturalist who is neither a stoic nor a puritan it is something completed, final, and so it gives him warrant for the gratification of any of his desires. This is as unlike the stoicism of the emperor as can be, seemingly, but it differs merely in being the opposite reaction to the same set of circumstances. It is the reaction of Nero. At the very time when he robed himself in purple, while the empire ran red with blood, he debated affairs of state with the philosopher, Seneca. Seneca's reaction to the conditions of his day, on the other hand, was that of the stoic. He and Marcus Aurelius would not have found between them any serious point of disagreement.

In France, at least, at the close of the eighteenth century, the world was again a chaos. The details of that breakdown of the old order are too recent and too well known for enumeration here. Political disintegration, intellectual disintegration, social disintegration, threatened alike the home and the cathedral, the lecture room, the salon, and the palace of the king. What was true of France was hardly less true of Germany. Into such an age Rousseau was born. He was driven to find the bond between man and nature. Marcus Aurelius, finding it, found solid earth to walk upon. Rousseau, traveling the same road, found bottomless mire to wallow in. The conditions under which the one walked firmly and the other covered himself with filth were very much the same. The difference between them was personal.

What are the conditions that encourage naturalistic thinking among the spiritual followers of Rousseau today? Are there identical conditions, or have we become victims of naturalism simply through the drift of our own tendencies?

In some five or six fields of thinking there are disintegrations that can at least be looked upon as giving unsteady minds a tilt toward naturalism. Among these conditions we must recognize the scientific drift toward determinism, the political drift toward insistence upon race equality, the philosophical drift toward pragmatism, the psychological drift toward psychoanalysis and the acceptance of human irresponsibility, the social drift toward a democratic blurring of human values, the literary and art drift toward personal identification with the cosmos.

Science is steadily busy with the problem of discovering law and more law in the universe. The scientific mind has therefore a tendency to harden into acceptance of the fixity of nature. Inevitably man in due course drops into that fixity. When he is so conceived of he has become in thought only a part of the current of nature. He can do nothing more than the growing tree to alter his destiny, and therefore he may as well accept it and declare that his impulses are in themselves their own sufficient justification and the full warrant for their realization in act.

The political drift toward equality of races and the social drift toward democracy contribute together to the obliteration of human values. The belief that one human quality is no better than another, that being a gentleman is being something practically indistinguishable from a cave man, is bound up with the doctrine of naturalism. If patrician Englishmen and Americans are to accept socially, and to marry indiscriminately, women of all colors and all races, we need no longer oppose naturalism. It will have triumphed already, and distinctions between good and evil, between ugly and beautiful, will have become so old-fashioned as to have vanished from the earth.

The psychologists and the philosophers have done their full share toward the current disintegration. A man of the movie world at its worst apparently finds excuse for his excesses and his gross abuse of the code of ordinary decency, as understood

above the brute level, in the theories of the psycho-analyst. Psychologists of the Freudian school assure him that all the motives of man's being are rooted in sex. Sex tendencies are therefore to be set free, and inhibitions of any sort are but puritan folly. Psychology is a new science, and it urges its conclusions with all the enthusiasm of youth. Philosophy is rather more sober and less self-assured, and yet the pragmatic position that whatever works in the very fact of its working justifies itself as being in agreement with the ordering of the universe, has certainly not been without its influence in the direction of naturalism.

Probably never before have artists and writers been so much interested in the primitive tendencies of man and in the man of primitive tendencies as during the last ten years. Cultivated men and women seem to have become relatively unattractive. The natural man, unspoiled by the veneer of civilization, lures the imagination of readers who are increasingly urban or suburban. The untrammeled freedom of the South Seas, where no one needs to consider how he shall maintain his rights, because no one has any rights, has a strange glamor for the man who must take the trolley car at a certain hour in order to be at his office at a certain hour in order to begin dictating letters to a stenographer at a certain hour in order to be home in time to put on evening clothes and go out with his wife to dinner. Surely there can be no such thing as tedium in the South Sea islands. Feeling that way about life is, of course, entering upon one of the roads that lead to naturalism. The dream is rosy-hued, and it is not easy to convince the dreamer that its colors are not of a sort to stand the sun and the rain.

It is the glory of Whitman, among those who are happy in his leadership, that he has a rich vision of the cosmos and of man's absorption in it. His seems a generous and a large nature, and perhaps so much may readily be granted. The question is not closed there. Generosity is not always wisdom. It is often little more than an easy-going indifference to the distinction between the desirable and the undesirable. It may be no more than a willingness to light a sod house with a candle rather than strain the muscles to achieve a dwelling that should

have electric wiring. One may be permitted to be more or less regretful that Whitman never found, not "Passage to India," but passage to the South Seas and that he did not draw some considerable number of his followers there for permanent residence.

The world to which these influences are leading us is a proletarian and plebeian world, and all the noxious weeds of unrestrained desires may properly be left to flourish in it. What man is to gain by recognizing that world as his proper abiding place, not to be forsaken, not to be amended, is not wholly a matter of conjecture. The prospect is not cheering. None the less we must face it and make some decision with regard to what is to be done about it.

Nothing is settled, perhaps, for any of us until we have in some degree made clear to our minds what most contributes to our own happiness, what most gives life value for us. Is it yielding ourselves to a current of pleasurable sensation? Is it achievement and the establishment of our possessive right in things? Is it the exercise of our faculties? These questions are as old as the recorded thoughts of men, but the answers given to them have changed with the centuries. When the come in our minds a problem of the ages, there stands strangely luminous before that long perspective the fine figure of Marcus Aurelius. His life and his thinking together give the modern answer to the question. No one before him so deeply as he, so conspicuously as he, in so full a measure of activity as he, reveals the modern understanding that the good of life is in the exercise of our faculties, in functioning. He ruled a great empire and in doing it gave himself tasks that yielded him satisfaction only as they were his functional part in a great organized system of society. Moreover that organized system of society probably represented a man's organizing and constructive faculties operating at a higher level than at any previous stage of his existence on the earth. It is quite possible to recognize the weaknesses of the Roman Empire and at the same time to realize that it represented more compellingly than ever before in the history of man an effort, conscious or unconscious, to create a social order that should endure and that should also change while it endured.

Functioning certainly looks toward an end and in the degree in which it does so it also looks toward progress. Rationally there are, perhaps, not sufficient grounds for caring for progress or for devoting ourselves to it. King Alfred receives no known pleasure now from what he did toward organizing the England of his time into a more stable state of society out of which the larger life of our own day could more surely grow. None the less the idea of progress constitutes a motive deeply actuating both superior men and superior races. In that it is such a motive it gives human warmth and social sanction in validation of functioning. It makes the exercise of our faculties toward an end something more than a thing of the moment and permits us to follow pleasurable the thought of the thing done under our hands and its immediate consequence outside ourselves.

In "Andrea del Sarto" Browning says:

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,"

and even though this affirmation is indubitably Victorian, it remains the human word of our present day. It is the existence of the unattained, of that toward which we may direct our steps in a conceived progress, that is the warrant for finding happiness in functioning. This is not the word of the idealistic sentimental, or, if it is, it is also the word of the man of affairs, of the man on the street. It is the word of all active men in a dynamic state of society, and certainly the world in which men come and play their parts and go was never before so dynamic as now. For most men who have grown to be men, men whose development has not been stopped at the stage of childish wonder, the exercise of will, whether we have wills or not, is the chief joy of existence. They fling that sort of defiance in the face of the universe. Perhaps it is a cramping universe. Perhaps it is an ugly universe. Perhaps it is a trivial, a thwarting, an inconclusive universe. Let it be that if it must. It does not at all follow that we must ourselves be cramped, trivial, ugly. If we choose we may indeed find excuse for plotting our lives at this level. Perhaps the universe puts no contrary imperative upon us, makes no demand that we shall be better than its best. None the less every man of our western world who is genuinely occidental instinctively nerves his mus-

cles to triumph over the world's worst and to carry its best on to something better. Perfection as an end in which we may rest is not our goal. We reach always for something beyond our grasp, and so are assured that we shall always have a goal, that, as long as our energies are left to us, existence cannot be stale, flat, and unprofitable.

The philosophy of naturalism is in immediate conflict with this urge of our native impulses. Academically we may give it a qualified assent, but humanly we act in agreement with it only when, as in the case of Magda, it serves an exculpatory purpose. That is a very petty sort of thing, very much like trying to carry water on both shoulders, and we can justify ourselves in it only as it is part of our realization of our own littleness in the universe. Nature is herself so vast, her distances are so many billions of miles, her ages are such countless aeons of time, we pass so swiftly across the kaleidoscope of her changing scenes, that perhaps it is more or less futile for us to attempt the attainment for ourselves of a very intimate association with the cosmos. As a warrant for our weaknesses, however, and a palliation of our peccadilloes, that consideration cannot be completely satisfying. Instead of so tying our sins to the revolving wheel of the forces of nature, perhaps we shall more hopefully spend our brief hour in making the little that we can gather out of the infinite, as far as may be, something to please the finer instincts with which we were born.

The Louvre and Eugene Fromentin

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Who has not experienced that utter sense of bewilderment that overcomes one when, in endeavoring to cross a busy street, one finds oneself threatened with a sudden death that seems to be approaching simultaneously from every direction? This is the sensation that is, in some degree, produced by a first visit to the Louvre. After the stranger has gaped, in most provincial wonderment, at the mere spatial grandeur of the edifice, he makes his way into the museum by one of its countless entrances and begins walking slowly, with a greater or lesser degree of attention, through the halls of the ground floor. It is not long before he has concluded that, at this rate, he will certainly not have passed through one-fifth of the palace by closing time, and he accelerates his pace. Halls filled with a dizzying profusion and variety of objects file by in a seemingly endless procession, and immediately he gives up hope of carefully examining the treasures of the Louvre, not in one visit, but in a hundred visits. And, according as his prejudices direct him, he will spend his available hours either in comparative isolation before the mummies of Egyptian monarchs or lost in the mysteries of the successive styles of furniture from Louis Treize to the Empire, or he will align himself with the rabblement in paying open-mouthed homage to the Venus of Melos and the Gioconda. Perhaps his curiosity may go so far as to lead him to ask himself by what freak of chance (or by just what touch of genius) it happens that the magnificent reserve of Mona Lisa penetrated to the inmost chamber of the heart of all the world, whereas another da Vinci portrait, a head of one Lucrezia Crivelli, certainly a masterpiece of brush-and-canvas work, languishes, only two or three feet away, in almost total oblivion. Or he may wander off into the most far-fetched reflections on the immortality of art at the sight of a young painter drawing inspiration from the Winged Victory of Samothrace, as he sketches the glorious curves of this headless, yet thoroughly undaunted, figure.

Lucrezia Crivelli is doubly unfortunate; for, in addition to the fact that the great mass of visitors to the "salons de peinture" of the Louvre pass her by with almost a bare glance to plant themselves solidly before the stupendous Veronese "Wedding at Cana," the Rubens "Kermesse" in the frankly sensual style of his fellow-student Jordaens, or even Franz Hal's commonplace little "Bohemian Girl," she has had no one among the erudite to draw the attention of the more than ordinarily interested student to the charms that make her almost the twin sister of the Gioconda. The paintings that go to make up the Louvre's truly priceless collection of the works of the Flemish and Dutch schools have had the good fortune to be rescued from such a fate. Needless to say that Rembrandt, Rubens, and Van Dyck stood in no need of any such commentary. It does not take a connoisseur to see the marks of genius in Rembrandt's "Pilgrims of Emmaüs" or in his two smaller canvases of the philosopher at his books (miracles, all three, of that trick of painting which is virtually Rembrandt's invention—chiaroscuro), in the Rubens painting of his second wife, Hélène Fourment, and two of their children, or in the Van Dyck portrait of the children of Charles I of England. But this same collection of productions of the Flemish and Dutch schools contains many a tiny gem of painting that is all but omitted from the scrutiny of a large majority of the visitors. Let him who has the leisure, and who would extract the most unalloyed pleasure from the study of these pictures, come to the Louvre armed with the *Maîtres d'autrefois* of Eugène Fromentin; he will leave the palace with the keen satisfaction consequent upon the consciousness of hours spent in the rarefied atmosphere which moved men, the divine emanations of whose souls he has just transferred indelibly to his memory.

A word with regard to the author and his book. Eugène Fromentin (his dates are 1820-76) was a Parisian who, being clearly endowed with artistic talent, applied himself assiduously to the task of developing into a painter of note. After many years of travail, however, he arrived at the bitter realization of the fact that his gift was one of talent only, and not of genius, and that his aspirations far surpassed his powers.

He had recorded on canvas his impressions of a summer spent in the Sahara; the Louvre possesses several large canvases of his, notably *Les Egyptiennes au bord du Nil* and *La Chasse au faucon*. Fortunately, he had reduced these same impressions to writing, and the two volumes of *Sahara et Sahel* convinced him that his bent was towards the literary rather than the plastic arts; and in an excellent psychological novel, *Domini-que*, he shows clearly that the doubt as to whether to choose the career of painter or that of man-of-letters has left its impress upon his soul. Fromentin's prose is marked by a style of such rich sonority that it must be read aloud in order that its beauties may be truly appreciated. There is a rhythm (and often even a rhyme) in his flowing periods and his crisp, concise phrases that make of him easily one of the masters of nineteenth-century French prose.

Nowhere do these qualities stand out in such brilliant relief as in *Les Maîtres d'autrefois*, in which Fromentin follows the example, first set by Diderot in his *Salons*, of putting literature at the service of the plastic arts. In this little volume, the artist sets out to record his impressions of a tour of inspection through the art-galleries of Belgium and Holland, journeying from Paris by way of Brussels, Malines, and Antwerp, visiting The Hague and Scheveningen, Amsterdam and Harlem, and returning by way of Bruges and Ghent. A cursory reading of the book is alone sufficient to make one fairly ache with the desire to take this same trip. A more careful perusal of its three sections reveals an almost uninterrupted grandeur of style. Some of the chapters, as, for example, that in which Fromentin describes the Rubens *Saint Francis of Assisi* at Antwerp or that on Ruysdael, are veritable marvels of magnificent prose. Indeed, when one encounters such phrases as "ses ambres sombres, ses fortes ombres," or a sentence like the following: "Deux grands rouges, trop entiers, mal appuyés, y étonnent parce qu'ils y détonnent," one may well succumb, for the moment, to the delusion that one is really reading, not prose at all, but highly mellifluous verse. And Fromentin, consummate artist that he is, shows the good taste not to make too frequent use of this trick.

We are now prepared to enter the Louvre with Fromentin. It would lead us too far afield to attempt to study all the representative paintings of the Flemish and Dutch schools that adorn the walls of the Louvre. A word or two has already been devoted to Rubens, Van Dyck, and Rembrandt. One has to be a thorough student of the history of art, if not something of a technician also, to share Fromentin's enthusiasm for the work of the early Flemish painter, Hans Memling, who is fairly well represented at the Louvre. Franz Hals, as Fromentin very justly points out, is not to be judged by the examples of his work that the Louvre possesses, despite the presence of the well-known, and really vigorous, portrait of the philosopher, René Descartes. In order to grant an insight into the real value of Fromentin's study, I shall dwell here on five paintings, from the brush of five separate artists.

In the sixth chapter of his section on "Holland," Fromentin asserts it to be his sincere opinion that "someone would render a true service by describing a tour about the Louvre, or, still less, about one of the salons, or, even less, a simple tour about a few paintings." He himself then becomes this "someone" by choosing three pictures upon which to expatiate, with the result that he opens our eyes to beauties which most of us certainly would never have discovered and, at the same time, in his description of the *Dutch Interior* of Pieter de Hooch, gives us one of the most remarkable of all the excellent appreciations which, literally, emblazon the pages of his little book.

Before approaching these three paintings, however, let us examine two others in the same room, larger and better known, the *Mill* of Hobbema and the *Bush* of Ruysdael. Of the former, the only example of Hobbema's work that the Louvre owns, Fromentin remarks that this painter's immortality would have been assured if he had produced nothing else during his entire career. Certain it is that this *Mill* is a work of such dignified beauty, such colorful repose, that the Dutch salon of the Louvre would be inestimably poorer without it. Listen to Fromentin on the subject: "This *Mill* is such a charming work, it is so exact, so firm in its construction,—so powerful and so beautiful in its coloration, the sky is of such a rare quality, everything in it appears to have been so ex-

quisitely engraved before having been painted and so well painted upon the basis of this clear-cut engraving,—that, sometimes, perceiving only two paces away the little *Bush* of Ruysdael and finding it yellowish and a bit flaccid, I have almost concluded in favor of Hobbema and committed an error which would not have lasted, but which would have been unpardonable had it lasted only an instant." And now, place yourself in front of this *Moulin*, probe into all its marvellous secrets in the light of the hints thrown out by Fromentin, then take the four or five steps necessary to cross the narrow hall and stand before the *Buisson* of Ruysdael. Do not be surprised if you find yourself crossing and re-crossing the hall, comparing the excellences of the two paintings, until you have become almost giddy with turning about. And do not be amazed if you cannot bring yourself to the point of considering it an unpardonable error to prefer, for a moment, the *Mill* to the *Bush*, though the latter is certainly one of the most magnificent examples extant of pregnant simplicity in painting. The *Bush* is far from being the only reason, but it is certainly one of the principal reasons, for the following keen-sighted judgment of Ruysdael by Fromentin: "Ruysdael paints as he thinks, sanely, powerfully, broadly,—. There is in this style of painting, sober, careful, a bit proud, an indefinable grandeur which attracts one even from a distance, and, when studied close up, captivates by a charmingly natural simplicity and a noble familiarity which are strikingly characteristic of Ruysdael." If, after viewing the *Mill* and the *Bush* with Fromentin's scintillating pages before you, you do not leave the Louvre with a strong feeling of sympathy for Hobbema and Ruysdael, you are hopelessly impervious to the ennobling effects that are to be derived from such a marriage of the arts of literature and painting.

Finally, let us look, with Fromentin, at three of the smallest canvases in the Dutch salon—the *Gallant Soldier* of Terburg, the *Visit* of Metzu, and the *Dutch Interior* of Pieter de Hooch. "After having examined," we are instructed by Fromentin, "the boisterous gallant of Terburg" (a jovial, robust old war-horse apparently regaling his lady with an account of his numerous adventures on the field of battle) "pass to the figure" (in the Metzu painting) "of the cavalier, slight of

build, a trifle stiff, belonging to a different world and already of a different epoch, who presents himself somewhat ceremoniously, standing in the respectful attitude of a well-bred gentleman before the refined lady with the delicate arms, the nervous hands, who receives him at her home and sees no harm in so doing."—"And then, pause before the *Interior* of Pieter de Hooch; thrust yourself into this profound picture, so well enclosed, where the daylight but filters in, as it were, where there is a fire, silence, gracious ease, pretty mystery; examine closely the lady with the shining eyes, the red lips, the dainty teeth, and that tall fellow who makes one think of Molière, a sort of emancipated son of M. Diafoirus, standing bolt upright, very clumsy in his stiffly rich vestments, extremely singular with his rapier, so appropriate for the part he is playing, so well conceived that one will surely never forget him. Here, again, we have the same concealed virtuosity, the same anonymous design, the same incomprehensible intermingling of nature and of art. Not the shadow of a prejudice in this ingenuous reproduction of objects,—a reproduction so sincere that its formula becomes intangible—no bad manners, no ignorance affecting skill, no misdirected enthusiasm."

The figures in these three paintings—the Terburg, the Metzu, and the de Hooch—do not fail to make an impression even during the first, more or less casual, examination; they produce just as deep an impression when studied in the finely-cutting words of Fromentin, though they may not have been seen at the Louvre; but they fasten themselves ineradicably in the memory of him who has studied them in the Louvre with Fromentin as commentary. All the greater, then, is the pity that the number of artists gifted with literary genius (and the reverse) is so limited. The union of music and poetry was effected ages ago; painting and poetry still remain, if you will, step-sisters of art. And what finer task could there be than that of giving to all the masterpieces of the world's painting, from the Italian and Flemish primitives of the Middle Ages down to the amorphous Degases and Picassos of our own day, the benefit of a treatment similar to that employed by Fromentin in his *Maitres d'autrefois*?

Escape Through Religion*

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The Middle Ages, so "crude" and so much despised, are nevertheless still a part of us; and their nether trinity still rules over us. The Devil has lost his horns and his tail, but not his influence. Are not even now our poets and novelists busy gilding the Flesh with a new glory? And the World we have always with us, more and more. This amazing growth of our so-called modern industrial civilization, culminating in a war whose ineffectual conclusion has left us in an apparently inextricable tangle of uncontrollable forces, reveals the strength of material ambition and tumultuous activity stronger than we had supposed. Getting and spending, we have not only laid waste our powers of spiritual achievement, we have surrendered abjectly to the restless passion for enjoyment and material conquest. Never since the later days of the Roman Empire has mankind so greatly needed the cleansing power of spiritual influences, and never so little felt the need of it. "The sun is set, the moon no longer shines, no stars twinkle in the sky; we must light our candles, or we shall be in utter darkness." Thus, a little sadly, does Mr. Sedgwick end his plea for a return to the monastic ideal of solitary thought and religious communion. It is at the quiet fire of the recluse that we may relight our candles and renew our strength.

But one need not emphasize our failures of today in order to appreciate the *Pro Vita Monastica*. As far back as the human record extends men have looked upon the world about them and found it evil. "Vanitas vanitatum," says one; "sunt lachrymae rerum," says another; and each according to his temper has squared himself as he could, with whatever hope, solace, or extenuation lay within reach. There has always, however, been one ready solution. When the practical life of hurly-burly and hate became intolerable, there was always, though not easy to realize, the theoretic or contemplative life.

* *Pro Vita Monastica. An Essay in Defense of the Contemplative Virtues.*
By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Boston. The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1923.

Rachel and Leah, Martha and Mary; and, in a slightly different sense, Aristotle and Plato. Dante, "the noblest voice of Christian tradition," has phrased it: "In this life we can have two kinds of happiness by following two different roads, both good and excellent—one road is the Active Life, by which we may attain to a fair state of happiness, the other is the Contemplative Life, and that leads us to supreme felicity." This is paying full tribute to the satisfactions of the World, fuller tribute than we can perhaps safely yield it at present and fuller than Mr. Sedgwick will allow, though he quotes the passage with approval. For now it is *either—or*; we can scarcely risk a compromise for fear of losing all. But if we endeavor to turn our backs completely upon the World, deny its offering of even a fair state of happiness, refuse to listen to any of its temptations, does this imply a weak failure to face the slings and arrows of life, or is it the true path of salvation? Is it flight or victory? Let us call it Escape.

The *Pro Vita Monastica* marks the way, step by step, of this escape from the bondage of the World. It is a road that ends frankly in mysticism, in what Sir Thomas Browne calls "Christian annihilation, extasis, exolution." The ordinary man regards such things with suspicion; they are impractical and freakish—simply to be condemned or condoned as the circumstances permit. But in the perplexing maze of modern life the ordinary man is no true guide; if we find no help in him we must turn to those who have looked farther and deeper; and if we cannot go ourselves we must be content to be led. The first step is disillusion. All but the most complacent and heedless have felt it at one time or another. But if one rejects it as a mere mood, there is the philosophical answer. All our knowledge of the physical world about us is wholly dependent upon those notorious cheats, the senses, and their tricky allies, memory and reason. Science itself is a supposition and a make-shift. It is impossible for you actually to know that you are sitting in a chair, book in hand, reading. The very existence of the book is an assumption. *Things*, though concrete and palpable, are unreal, perhaps a delusion. How shall we put trust in their shadowy forms, their uncertainty, their impermanence?

Then, having seen that the sound and fury of the active life signify so little, in our first, perhaps overwhelming, sense of lost bearings we seek the authoritative voices of the past. Three examples stand out: St. Anthony, St. Benedict, and Thomas à Kempis. Examine their lives, and you will find that they did not sever all connection with their fellow men. They were no fanatics. They served mankind by withdrawing from its evil. For the World is quick to urge selfishness and idleness as objections to the solitary life. Society preaches service—(ah! but is it not self-service?). Society emphasizes man's interdependence upon man, his duty to his fellows; and then defines those duties as whatever helps to strengthen the social structure—a vicious circle. The World condemns the recluse for abandoning his social duties; the recluse condemns the World for destroying in him his only potentiality for good—an impasse. What wonder we resort to paradoxes. We face a huge antinomy. *Que faire?* The World goes its own way, rejoicing. The recluse turns to the hidden places of his soul, and is despised. Let him take courage. Let him make a doctrine of escape, with a conviction that in fleeing from the World he is fleeing towards God. "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?" said St. James. If the World cry "traitor" and quote, with exquisite irony: "he that saveth his soul shall lose it," then let him answer softly: "To you, O Caesar, I can give only what is yours. I serve you better than you know."

Once we have arrived at this point we can enjoy the simple "bounties of solitude,"—the diversion of open-air labor in "the vegetable patch" and in the flower garden.

(Heureux celui . . .
Qui plane sur la vie et comprend sans effort
Ce langage des fleurs et des choses muettes!)

sings the pagan Baudelaire.) Then there are the exquisite delights of the library,—where we need not limit ourselves ascetically to solemn works of ethics and theology, but may wander at will through "the palaces of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Goethe, Walter Scott, the mansions of Tolstoi, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Thackeray, and Dickens, the summer parlors of Steven-

son, Hawthorne, Motte-Fouqué, Fogazzaro;" finally the contemplation, prayer, an extasy of the oratory.

But there will still be some who are not yet convinced. For it is manifest that the monastic principle has failed under all previous tests and there is no reason to suppose it would come off better in a new trial. Be the blame where it may, man is now man, the definite result of zigzag developments, a very wretched and deplorable result, to be sure, but one to be reckoned with. It is impossible to discard man as a monstrous error and remodel life on a wholly new unempirical basis. You do not make a square stick round by repudiating squareness and conceiving all sticks as recreated round; but by hacking and hewing. Moreover, the problem is still, how religion may conquer the World; and in any real sense this cannot be solved. Against society organized (or disorganized) as it is, against the whole established system of the state, the powers of the soul are unfitted to contend. The World and the Spirit are incomensurable forces. They cannot struggle, since they cannot meet.

These sophisms are met in the Preface if not in the rest of the book; (one might urge against the author an apparent inconsistency on this point, but to what purpose?). To the objection that a professional recluse is utterly out of keeping with the modern social scheme Mr. Sedgwick answers: "I do not suggest the literal revival of ancient monasticism; I counsel no one to set out for the Thebaid or Monte Cassino, St. Gall or Citeaux. The seeker need go no further than to an upper chamber in his own dwelling or to a secluded corner of his own garden, or to any place where, by means of such accompaniments as suit retirement,—books, flowers, music, meditation, prayer,—a man may refresh his spirit and wash the dust from his soul, whether his retirement be for half an hour a day, or to a retreat for a week once a year, or, if he be so minded and his situation permits, for such proportion of his time as shall best prosper him upon his spiritual quest."

The case may indeed be carried further. Suppose Aristotle were wrong in calling man a political animal; or rather that man has misunderstood himself in cultivating the political idea.

Suppose the social contract were false, and that every "right" yielded by men for the sake of winning a higher "liberty" were only a subtle deception of the politicians, a trap for the selfish acquisition of power. "The natural state of man is war"—suppose this truism were also a misconception based on a limited observation of subsocial niveaux in which the simplicity of dumb animals has been lost and the intelligence of human beings not yet gained. Where there is organization there is also strife—even among the dumb animals—and there is also what we call progress. For strife is the price of progress. But if we could come to understand that the greatest part of "modern progress" is a superficial sham, a matter of upholstered furniture, telephones and aeroplanes, of creature comforts and also of cruelty practised in the name of science, of swiftness without sweetness, ease without health, in short of those things by which a man might become not a finer being but a more efficient machine,—then we might also understand that escape from the world is not flight but victory.

"My purpose in this little book," says the author at the close of his Preface, "is limited to a consideration of the rift between the world and the religious spirit, as it has existed throughout the course of Christianity and exists still; the thesis being that the contemplative life, by which I mean the definite and regular practice of meditation, prayer, and the restriction of one's society to books and flowers, for certain times, is necessary for the serenity of spirit which is now and has always been the chief need of mankind; for upon serenity of spirit depends our power to see truth, to do justice, and to think no evil." In the presence of such a gift it were captious and ill-humored to seek small flaws. Surely the *Pro Vita Monastica*, a "little book" and unpretentious, will be for all who enjoy choice English and who welcome a return to the simple teaching of religion, of greater spiritual and practical value than a season of doctrinal sermons or loud pulpit lectures,—a most needed and a most profitable book. But it may be permitted to add, though this is not the place for ampler discussion, that there is another pathway of escape from the tumult and error of the World,—that of art. It is perhaps a dangerous path and a narrower

one, for it ends often in failure; a fearful juxtaposition of the malebolgie and the stars. In some respects it is simpler, if we interpret the term properly, and in other respects more difficult. But it offers the same ennoblement, the same extasy, the same exaltation. We need not contrast the two. It is enough that both are open to us and both necessary; and either of them, moreover, is devoutly to be sought as an antidote to our too prevalent seeking for escape through vaudeville, moving pictures, and all vain amusements.

Book Reviews

PROGRESS AND SCIENCE: ESSAYS IN CRITICISM. By Robert Shafer. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1922. x, 243 pp.

Many years have passed since Matthew Arnold voiced his famous criticism of the modern reliance on "machinery," whether that term was taken in its literal sense or as a name for the organizations and institutions of church, state, and society in general. Mr. Shafer's books of essays is in part a restatement of the position that was briefly set forth in Arnold's *Sweetness and Light*. It shows clearly the fallacies in the belief that applied science has contributed definitely to human betterment. Although the stupendous development of machinery has effected an improvement of "the material well-being of a large minority of the population of about half the globe," the author holds that "the power to secure material advantages breeds simply the desire for more." True human betterment "can come only through the development of our spiritual capacities," the "progress" that comes from science "is nothing more than a competition for riches or other power —a competition which must continue so long as its reward is limited in extent."

The first essay in the volume thus deals with the claims advanced by writers like Mr. F. S. Marvin for science as the great agent of human progress. The next two essays discuss the proposals for "progress" through machinery in the less literal sense of the word—schemes for the political, social, and economic reform of society, or for the alteration of human motives and ideals through sweeping changes in education. Most of these proposals—Mr. G. D. H. Cole, Miss M. P. Follett, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. John Dewey are among the authors treated—Mr. Shafer finds to be either tainted with that romantic and unsound conception of human nature which, since the French Revolution, has flourished in the face of daily disproof, or else predicated upon such a rigid and minute organization of society as would destroy all freedom in the individual life.

Having disposed rather effectively of a good deal of loose popular optimism about social progress,—an optimism in which, as he points out, a false understanding of the implications of the evolution theory has played a part—Mr. Shafer turns to a group of writers who, far from being deceived by these easy notions of progress, went to the opposite extreme of a hopeless pessimism in regard to the nature and destiny of the human race. Among these are the brothers Brooks and Henry Adams, whose efforts to formulate a science of history resulted, in the one case, in a belief in fear and greed as the alternate swayers of the destiny of nations, and in the other, in the application of the law of the degradation of energy to man and society, which are therefore upon, not an upward, but a downward course. In this group also is Walter Pater, who, like the Adamses, accepted without question the dogmas of physical science, and for whom man became a being whose religion and ideals were but illusions, his only reality the sensation of the moment, his highest good “to burn always with this hard gem-like flame”—that is, to live continually in a state of vivid sensation.

The real object of the author's criticism is thus our modern materialistic philosophy, whether it displays itself in a fatuous enthusiasm for purely material progress, resigns itself to a gloomy pessimism, or seeks a brief comfort in sensationalism. The author, be it said, is no fanatic opponent of natural science, no “Fundamentalist” or “Bryanite.” The book gives ample proof not only that he has approached both natural science and sociology with an open mind, but that he has thoroughly mastered their current philosophy. His complaint against natural science is that it has overstepped its limits, arrogating the whole nature of man to its own province. That there is a spiritual reality beyond the reach of science is his earnest belief—a belief, however, which he will leave each individual to arrive at by searching himself. Henry Adams “knew no tragedy so heart-rending as introspection.” Mr. Shafer, on the other hand, is of the opinion that every man, through his own selfconsciousness, may come to learn “that there is that within him, most truly himself, which his fellows can never fully know, which is his sole and incommunicable possession and is most precious, be-

cause it gives his own life—whatever it be in the eyes of others—an inherent and unique value." It is through such study of himself that the individual must reach his conclusion relative to a spiritual reality beyond the view of natural science. It is here, if anywhere, that he will find truth more satisfying and hopeful than the facts and laws of physical nature. It is here, perhaps, that he will find the key to an individual progress to replace his lost belief in an impossible progress of society.

JULIAN W. PRATT.

U. S. Naval Academy.

A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Joseph Quincy Adams. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1923. xvii + 561 pages.

Though we have but little information on the life of Shakespeare, we need not feel much regret, for instead of heaping up personal details of slight interest, biographers must turn for facts to the writings of the dramatist, and the life of his age. For this task Professor Adams is fitted by the years of study of Shakespeare's period that have made him one of the foremost of Elizabethan scholars. The South may well feel proud of him as a graduate of one of our North Carolina colleges. He does not use his learning to the terror of the ordinary man, but has written a book founded on painstaking study, and yet admirably adapted to the general reader. If some fault must be found, one may say that in attempting to connect Shakespeare directly with his environment Professor Adams has indulged somewhat freely in "possibly," and "it may be." Since the author deliberately avoids dwelling on the plays, the biography is concerned with the outward rather than the inward life of the poet; there is probable, interesting, and charitable discussion of the second-best bedstead of his will, but the mind of Shakespeare is still unlocked.

One of the stories most often repeated about the dramatist is that of his deer-stealing in the park of Sir Thomas Lacy, and consequent flight to London. This the biographer wholly rejects as having arisen after the death of Shakespeare from the representation of Justice Shallow in *2 Henry IV* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. By explaining the marriage customs of the

time, Professor Adams wipes away suspicion of scandal from the marriage of Shakespeare, at the age of eighteen, to Ann Hathaway, eight years his senior; nor is he willing to admit that Shakespeare's habit, years later, of living in lodgings in London, while his family was in Stratford, indicates any coolness between husband and wife. The biographer is similarly ruthless with the story that Shakespeare abandoned his wife and three children in Stratford, and went to London to support himself by holding horses at the door of the theatre. His belief is founded on a statement, obtained by the biographer Aubrey from the Elizabethan theatrical manager William Besston, that Shakespeare "had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." This gave him the acquaintance with various classical works that appears in his writings, and completed the literary training without which he could not have made a name for himself as a poet soon after going to London.

In the account of Shakespeare's early literary career is an admirably sensible treatment of the sonnets—refreshing after the fantastic discussions sometimes presented. The author does not attempt "to lift the anonymity of Thorpe's 'Mr. W. H.'"

In discussing Shakespeare's theatrical career, the author makes use of his studies for his well-known *Shakespearean Playhouses*. The reader gains an excellent idea of the life of the times, with respect to such things as the opposition of Puritanical city authorities to the theatre. The account is specific enough to be interesting and carry conviction, without so many details as to bewilder.

A chapter near the end is devoted to *The Making of the Playhouse Manuscripts*. This should be read by Baconians, though throughout the *Life* no notice is taken of the Baconian theory.

The large number of excellent selected maps and illustrations add greatly to the value of this attractive volume.

ALLAN H. GILBERT.

THE RELIGION OF PLATO. By Paul Elmer More. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1921. xii, 352 pp.

"My belief is that Greek literature, philosophic and religious, pagan and Christian, from Plato to St. Chrysostom and beyond that to the Council of Chalcedon in 451 A.D., is essentially a unit and follows at the centre a straight line. This body of thought I call the Greek Tradition," writes Mr. More in the preface to this, the first of four volumes of a single connected treatise bearing the general title *The Greek Tradition*. "It is this tradition, Platonic and Christian at the centre," he continues, "this realization of an immaterial life, once felt by the Greek soul and wrought into the texture of the Greek language, that lies behind all our western philosophy and religion. Without it, so far as I can see, we should have remained barbarians; and, losing it, so far as I can see, we are in peril of sinking back into barbarism." The second volume of the proposed series will deal with Epicureanism, Stoicism, and Neoplatonism, the third will be on Christianity, and the fourth will contain a number of essays on questions growing out of the previous studies. The lectures which Mr. More published in 1917 under the title *Platonism* may be regarded as an introduction to this group of four volumes.

In the present work the author takes religion in its broad sense as embracing philosophy as well as theology and mythology, and studies the religion of Plato first under each of these three aspects separately and then as a composite whole. Thus there are chapters on philosophy, theology, mythology and religious life, but preceding each stands a translation by the author of the passage in Plato on which in each case the argument is chiefly based.

For Plato religion has its true beginning in philosophy. Since religion in its most general sense means to him becoming like God and this likeness to Him is attained through becoming just and holy, the task set before Plato is to discover the nature of justice or righteousness in itself, and to determine whether it is better to pursue justice for its own sake apart from all external rewards in this world and the next. To this end he supposes, for the sake of the argument, that there are no gods

at all, or no Providence, or that the gods, if they exist, can be easily hoodwinked by sacrifices and offerings; and then, to get rid of all disturbing complications, he proposes to let the just man suffer all the ills that belong to injustice, and to let the unjust man enjoy the advantages that belong to justice. Nevertheless, there is one infallable criterion, it is the inner sense of happiness for the just man and of misery for the unjust man now in this present world. And this happiness is the most perfect and fullest good, Plato's *summum bonum*.

Besides the obvious dualism of soul and body in man there is a higher dualism within the soul itself consisting of a faculty that reaches upwards to the divine and a power that pulls it downwards to the baser contaminations of the flesh. The subordination of the lower to the higher is justice or righteousness, and the soul's peace and deep content that follows the struggle is happiness. Here follows the arguments for the immortality of the soul which Plato did not doubt any more than he doubted the existence of God.

The chapters on theology are devoted to proving the truth of the three propositions that were rejected hypothetically in the chapter on philosophy, namely, the existence of God, His providential care of humanity, and the inexorability of His justice.

The subject of one of the chapters on mythology is the creation and ordering of the visible universe. The Divine Cause, or God with the Ideal pattern before Him, created the world, its creatures and material phenomena, out of a formless mass of matter that may be called chaos. God created the lesser deities and the immortal part of the souls of men; then He turned the souls over to the lesser gods for further fashioning and guidance. From their hands is derived the mortal element of the soul, namely, pleasure and pain, confidence and fear, and anger and hope. In successive incarnations man passes to higher or lower forms of life according as he obeys the laws implanted in him by God or gives way to the baser instincts of his nature. The art of life lies in becoming master of one's self.

Following his teacher Socrates Plato identified virtue with knowledge, evil with ignorance, and believed that no man sinned willingly. He regarded the origin of evil as an insoluble problem. In his analysis of evil he found two great enemies leagued against the soul: one from without, flattery, an insidious foe that fosters one's self-love by treacherous wiles; the other from within, effeminate slackness, the innate indolence of the will.

Equally fundamental to Christianity and to Platonism is the doctrine of becoming like God, which permeates the whole of Plato's religion. God is the measure of all things, the measure of conduct for man. Inasmuch as like is dear to like, he who desires to be beloved of God will endeavor to make himself worthy of His love by imitation of His holiness. "To make sacrifice," says Plato, "and always to have intercourse with the gods by prayer and offerings and all divine service is for the good man the fairest and best and most effective instrument of the happy life."

The concluding chapter is devoted to the Ideal World, that divine realm of transcendent images where with the inner eye the soul sees a vision of Ideas of goodness and beauty and justice and temperance and all the other realities of the moral life.

It is a well known fact that the streams of Hellenism and Judaism united as sources of Christianity. How large a contribution the religion of Plato made to this stream Mr. More shows in this valuable and stimulating book. "Christianity," he says, "was the true heir and developer of Platonism, truer than any of the pagan philosophies." When the inheritance was passed on to Rome and the young races of the North, the Latin and the Teutonic mode of thought perverted the stream of philosophy and religion in certain important matters, and "I am convinced," says Mr. More, "that the need of the modern world becomes daily more urgent to make a return to the purer source of our spiritual life."

CHARLES W. PEPPLER.

AMERICAN PORTRAITS: 1875-1900. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1922. 19, 248 pp.

This is the first of nine volumes planned "to cover American history" by presenting "representative figures in all the varied lines of life." The present selection—Mark Twain, Henry Adams, Sidney Lanier, Whistler, J. G. Blaine, Grover Cleveland, Henry James, and Joseph Jefferson—is one of four allotted to the nineteenth century, and, with all its appearance of motley, is to be taken as representative of the last quarter of the century. If it were the work of a young man one would call it very promising; as it is, one cannot easily resist a feeling of disappointment that the author never quite finds the heart of his sitter's mystery. One might say, taking the painter's point of view, that the pictures are flat, never really rise and stand forth from the canvas; or, taking the musician's point of view, that he plays well but seldom evokes music; and it is obvious that he is not much moved by his work, not stirred, aroused. And, to put the matter plainly, if there is to be no artistic achievement, no creative work, on what foundation shall we say the principle of "covering American history" by individual portrait rests? History may or may not be the lives of great men. Certainly a series of biographical and critical portraits may be as interesting and enlightening as formal history itself, —or even informal history, if you will. One recalls Pater at once, and parts of Carlyle. Let the portraits be profoundly interpretative, nay, in their way, positively creative, and all is well. But there is no little difference between a picture and a portrait; and no group of mere pictures can hope to "cover" history. Mr. Bradford too rarely cuts deep enough into his subject, rarely reaches, either by the fine phrase, the illuminative epithet, or by the total effective view, a definitive conclusion.

Or perhaps this is asking too much. For in the strain and rapidity of life there must be periods of easy enjoyment; we are not equal for any great quantity of time to the austerity of art and the rigor of definitive judgments. There is, it should be admitted, a place for the higher journalism of these pictures, these agreeable centos of gossip, letters, and biography. If

they do not reward one greatly, neither do they tax one greatly. And one may say conscientiously that the matter is almost always interesting, particularly for those not previously informed. The "Henry James" may be far from adequate for that elusive but much discussed personage. The "Whistler" may not be sprightly enough to reproduce the sitter's corrosive wit and his atmospheric painting. The Blaine and Jefferson and Cleveland may be hardly clear and persuasive enough to justify their claim as "representative figures." But on the other hand Mark Twain is pretty fully presented, part jokester and part prophet, with both his vulgarity and his wistfulness. The "Lanier" seems to me almost to succeed in conveying a sense of individuality. And the "Henry Adams" (especially if read last) is refreshing because it is truly critical and not, like the others, so wholly and insistently "appreciative." But these of course are personal judgments, with which there need be no general agreement. What is certain, however, is that *American Portraits: 1875-1900* is pleasant reading as a whole and sometimes suggestive, without being anywhere altogether penetrating or satisfying.

PAULL F. BAUM.

GUSTAV FRENSSEN. EIN DICHTER UNSERER ZEIT. VON WILHELM ALBERTS. G. GROTE'SCHE VERLAGSBUCHHANDLUNG. Berlin, 1922.

The labors of the two most eminent living continental novelists, Vicente Blasco Ibañez in Spain and Gustav Frenssen in Germany, have been recorded by almost simultaneously published biographies. Camille Pitolle's Life of Blasco is a monumental accumulation of concrete information, biographical and bibliographical; but Gustav Frenssen's friend and fellow-provincial, Wilhelm Alberts, devotes the major part of his volume to the discussion of doctrines, and leaves us in the dark as to whether the spirited author of *Jörn Uhl* and *Hilligenlei* is married or single, tall or short, country squire or commuter. There is thus room for another life of Frenssen, although Alberts' procedure is partially justified by the fact that Frenssen is primarily a teacher and a preacher,—still just as much of one as when his deep-set blue eyes warmed with loving zeal above the little pulpit of Hennstedt or of Hemme.

We can easily understand that it was not possible for him to remain long in these tiny pulpits, or in any pulpits. "I have . . . a secret aversion for church-buildings, as if I were being forced to go in, forced to be pious . . . an aversion for the service which I must share with anyone who happens in, for the reconciliation by a Saviour's blood, which wounds my pride, and for the sacrament with its tawdry ceremonial . . ." Men were burned at the stake not so long ago for less than this, and men are still ostracized for it. But study this confession in its context, and study any other statement the sturdy Dithmarscher ever set to paper, and it will be found, if often ill-advised, and occasionally a little theatrical, at least always prompted by a brave and vigorous good-will. Frenssen has said some audacious things about various parts of the Bible, but he has never touched the Thirteenth of First Corinthians.

Gustav Frenssen has published fourteen books, of which seven have been sold to the extent of from one to several hundred thousand copies. He has been recognized as one of the strongest moral forces in Germany, and the aid of his pen has been solicited by various governments for the support of this or that propaganda,—never successfully, we may be sure, except when his heart was with the cause. His post-war novel "*Der Pastor von Poggsee*" is confused and extravagant,—what German writer has kept his head completely through Germany's shipwreck?—but generous even to Germany's enemies. There is no bitterness in this kindly and verbose prophet, this William Jennings Bryan doubled with the older Renan. He wants to help Germany and the world, and although he knows very little more than you and I do what can be done to help nations which have lost their young men, their financial stability and their moral standards, yet by sheer force of his magnetic personality and his pluck he may help them to be calm and hopeful,—and calmness may prove at this juncture the finger in the broken dike.

The Grote Publishing House of Berlin have made a much better book than the generality of Germany's present output. The paper and print are good, and illustrations excellent.

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